

MASSONS ARRIVE IN BOSTON FOR ANNUAL SESSION

Supreme Council of Sovereign
Grand Inspectors General
Here for 3 Days.

Massons from a wide section of the United States gathered in Boston yesterday in preparation for the 1915 session of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the Thirty-Third Degree.

More than 100 high degree Massons, with wives and friends, are coming here for the session. Many have already arrived.

Special church services today open the formal program. Tomorrow there will be a reception for the Sovereign Grand Commander and other officers of the Supreme Council, at the Copple House. Tuesday, members will be selected and elevated to the thirty-third degree rank. Wednesday, a further trip and a dinner at Pemberton will close the session.

The Massons belong to the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States. A number of officers and active members of the Supreme Council, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rites, arrived yesterday at Masonic Temple rehearsing the degree work.

Among the early arrivals were the Sovereign Grand Commander Hutton Smith of Toledo, accompanied by Mrs. Smith; grand marshal of the camp Tolson Lodge of Toledo and Mr. Locke; John M. McCune of Columbus, active member from Ohio; Frederick D. Stevens, active member from Michigan; and Lewis E. Stevens and Thomas Baldwin of Milwaukee; Leon M. Abbott, the lieutenant grand commander, in a Boston high degree.

Next to the triennial election of officers, the most important sessions of the meeting will probably deal with the proposals to establish a scientific charitable foundation, which has been under consideration for several years; a special committee has had the matter in charge, drafting a form of charter.

Trowbridge Is Young at 88 Exercise Is Recipe, He Says

Arlington's Famous Poet and
Author Celebrates Birthday
with Family and Friends.

Exercise systematically a little every day, every year you live, no matter how long, is the advice of John Townsend Trowbridge, Arlington's famous author, who yesterday celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday.

A ruddy-cheeked, still stocky and well-built elderly man, in black afternoon coat and trousers, standing tall and black bow tie, with blue-gray eyes inclined to twinkle, and snowy-white hair and chin whiskers, greeted the *Boston American* reporter at the beautiful Trowbridge home on Pleasant street, Arlington.

The house was lighted with candles and electric lights.

The octogenarian, after a day of receiving and sitting with friends, had just dined and sat leaning back in a well-colored wing chair—in St. New England type of eighty-eight.

"I work in my garden every day a little. I walk about. All my life I have lived out of doors," said the author, concerning himself. "That, perhaps, is the secret of keeping well and being well at eighty-eight. With the exception of one or two minor ailments I feel as young as ever."

Concerning the European war and politics, the author would have nothing to say. He refused to divulge whether he was for peace with or without progress.

"It is just a birthday," he explained. Besides Mrs. Trowbridge, who is Miss Edith Trowbridge, the latter has two daughters and seven grandchildren helped make the day happy for him.

The daughter are Mrs. Herbert H. Yeaman, formerly Miss Grace Trowbridge, and Mrs. Karl von Baur, who was Miss Edith Trowbridge. The latter has two children, of whom Mr. Trowbridge is exceedingly fond.

The "gray" books of the author reflect his inherent love for children, which he has not waned in the least since he began "celebrating" birthdays.

John Townsend Trowbridge, noted poet and author, as he appears at 88.



John Townsend Trowbridge, noted poet and author, as he appears at 88.

BUT FEW JEWS TAKE HARVARD EXAMINATIONS

To Take Steps to Prevent Tests
Falling on Yom Kippur
Date in Future.

Samuel H. Borofsky, the Boston attorney who protested to Harvard against holding entrance examinations on the Jewish Day of Atonement, estimated last night that less than twenty-five Jewish students out of the seventy-five or one hundred, who would have taken them had they fallen on some other date, were present at the examinations yesterday.

"We have no way of knowing exactly, but I should say that less than twenty-five Jews took the examinations. I should be sorry to think that they took them, as we feel that of any kind on the Sabbath of Shabbat is a desecration of our most holy day."

Steps will be taken, Mr. Borofsky announced, to prevent a recurrence of the date conflict.

The Boston Young Men's Hebrew Association, he said, "and possibly the Jewish Central Committee, of which Rabbi Eichler of the Union Park Synagogue is president, probably will take steps to forward to Harvard and to other colleges the dates of the Holy days on the Jewish Calendar for four or five years in advance."

The Harvard authorities yesterday were unable to state how many Jewish students took the Saturday examinations. Faculty Secretary J. D. Hart's statement yesterday forenoon that "students who could not take their examinations yesterday on account of their religious beliefs would be able to take the most essential examinations at some other time" was referred to with surprise by his office assistant later in the day.

It has been generally believed that students who could not take their examinations yesterday would be able to do so on this year, she declared.

The examinations yesterday included plane geometry, algebra and German, three popular entrance examinations.

'One Piece' Goes, but Bath Suits Must Be Whole

WORCESTER, Sept. 18.—Worcester girls are going to wear one-piece bathing suits at Lake Quinequamond, the water must at least be without holes.

George C. Hunt of the Health Board rules as today, in backing up the Bathing Suit Law, that of the lake bathhouse for girls.

A girl came to the bathhouse in a suit that did not please Mrs. Clark, who forbade the girl bath.

Other girls said Mrs. Clark was "fussy."

Mr. Hunt said today: "Mrs. Clark told me the girl came provided with a disfigured garment, unfit to bathe in. She was told that there is a regulation that bathing suits must be whole and that suits that can be bought for ten cents at the bathhouse would do. It was not an attempt to compel the girl to wear a suit."

Judge Bennett, as Detective, Lands His Man

Special Justice John A. Bennett of the City Court played detective yesterday and won.

When he saw Ralph Johnson of the South End take a coat from a sleeping man on the street, the judge trailed Johnson to Park square and told a policeman who made the arrest.

"The man gave me the coat to pawn for him," howled Johnson. "They went back and awaited the coat to pawn," said the judge.

"He's a liar," said the owner of the coat.

The policeman took Johnson before Judge Bennett took the stand. Johnson took the month in the House of Correction.

SAVING THE AND NEGROES MET SECRETLY

State Also Claims to Have New
Evidence of Stormy
Scene at Newport.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 18.—The Providence County Grand Jury that meets Monday will be asked to vote indictments against Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Mohr and the three negroes who are accused of playing their parts in the murder of Mrs. Mohr's husband, Dr. C. Victor Brown.

At present, Mrs. Mohr is free on \$10,000 bail, charged with the crime that she conspired to bring about her husband's death.

The three negroes, with the part the State claims they played, are: George W. Halls, Dr. Mohr's chauffeur; The State says that Halls, on a promise of \$1,000 from Mrs. Mohr, stopped Dr. Mohr's automobile which he was driving, at the spot where the murder occurred.

C. Victor Brown. The State says that Brown, on a promise of \$1,000 from Mrs. Mohr, shot and fatally wounded Dr. Mohr.

Henry Spellman. The State says that Spellman was present with Mrs. Mohr, and that he shot and severely wounded Miss Emily G. Burger, who was riding with Dr. Mohr to his Newport villa.

One of the mysteries in the case cleared up yesterday was the fact that Mrs. Mohr's pocket when she was brought to the hospital, contained two letters, one addressed to Brown and bearing blood-stained finger prints.

An examination of the letters printed today brought out the fact that they correspond with the time of the hospital attendant who handled Doctor Brown when he reached the hospital, and who took the letters from his pocket.

Thus the bloodstains have no connection with the case.

IMPORTANT EVIDENCE. In the last few days before the Grand Jury session the State has secured important new evidence, it was learned today.

Attorneys in charge of the prosecution have found, they say, evidence of secret meetings between Mrs. Mohr and the three negroes in Worcester at Montpelier, Dr. Mohr's \$75,000 Newport villa.

They have found evidence, they declare, that there was one stormy scene at Montpelier when Mrs. Mohr went there, upbraided the servants on the place, and warned them they would soon be discharged, as she was going to take control. This, the State says, was but a week before the shooting.

The State has evidence, it is claimed, showing that Victor Brown, the negro, after being discharged by the doctor, three weeks before the shooting, remained in the neighborhood and kept tabs on the doctor's movements.

OFFER CASE TOMORROW. Superintendent John McAndrews of the Mohr estate at Newport has told how Dr. Mohr said to him: "Brown is still hanging around. Why hasn't he taken his stuff away?"

The State claims also to have evidence of secret meetings between Mrs. Mohr and the negroes in Providence. All this evidence will be presented to the Grand Jury Monday. The grand jurors are selected from cities and towns of the county, according to population, and the required number are then chosen for jury duty.

They will be sworn in 10 o'clock Monday morning by Attorney-General Herbert Rice. It is possible Mr. Rice will himself present the Mohr evidence to the Grand Jury. His assistant, Claude Branch, has been in charge of the prosecution of the case.

Important witnesses before the Grand Jury will be Miss Florence Grimes, an employee of Dr. Mohr, who served as a messenger between him and Mrs. Mohr at times. Her story, the officials say, will be of great consequence in their case against Mrs. Mohr, as showing Mrs. Mohr's anger against the doctor.

They say they have tried in every way to shake Miss Grimes's startling story, but without success, and that they have instead found it possible to confirm many important details.

Between forty and fifty witnesses have been summoned to appear before the Grand Jury in connection with the case. After being sworn in on Monday, the jury will probably spend most of the day organizing and handling minor cases, but the Mohr case will go before them again late Monday or early Tuesday, officials say.

THREATENING LETTERS. Prominent among the exhibits in the case will be letters found among Dr. Mohr's effects. Some of these, the State says, are threatening letters sent him by Mrs. Mohr. Florence Grimes has told the authorities that Dr. Mohr tore up the first of these letters he received, taking them as a joke, though he later came to have fear of violence, according to remarks he made to friends shortly before his death.

It is possible that Miss Emily Burger, who was shot at the same time the doctor was murdered, and who is only now recovering from her wounds, may be a witness; but this is not probable. The preliminary hearing of the case against the three negroes and Mrs. Mohr, set for last Tuesday, was postponed because Mrs. Burger was not yet sufficiently recovered to testify.

Mrs. Burger has not yet been told of Dr. Mohr's death, though she has inquired for him constantly. It was believed Mrs. Burger had never been Dr. Mohr's housekeeper, which she was, but she is now being taken to compare her husband's death.

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ABSTAINERS WILL MEET AT BANQUET

**Hibernian Association of Boston
to Celebrate Twentieth
Anniversary.**

The twentieth anniversary of the Hibernian Total Abstinence Society of Boston will be celebrated tomorrow evening by a banquet at the Quincy House. President Mauri Dineen will be toastmaster.

The committee on arrangements for the dinner include Lawrence E. Murphy, Michael Murphy, John J. Sharkey, Charles McLean, John P. Tully, Pa-

rick Kenny, Jr., Mrs. A. M. Cunniff, Mrs. J. E. Belmont, Miss M. H. Wren, Mrs. Nellie Abner, Mrs. McGee, Mrs. Marelli and Miss M. Peters. All of the speeches here will be straining by Miss Rose Leveroni and Miss Lillian Gross. Readings will be given by Miss Bridget Ryan.

The following are invited as speakers:

Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., Rev. Dr. Brighouse, Rev. M. C. Dooly, Rev. Dr. Cambridge, Rev. Maury Curran, D. D., of Good of Cambridge, Sherwin J. Quinn, Patrick P. Cannon of Clinton, N. Y., vice-president of the A. O. H.; John H. Donnelly of Cambridge. State president of the A. O. H.



Tributes

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Whiskey as a medicine, ex-
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actual use, it means more

Whiskey

of testimonials for more
ousands of laudatory tes-
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every statement made is
efore we ever consent to

our continuous and con-
 and medicinal whiskey
 fy's and keep well" and

The Duffy Malt
 Whiskey Co.,
 Rochester, N. Y.

MAIL TODAY

The
 Duffy Malt
 Whiskey Co.,
 56 White St.,
 Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
 I should be pleased to
 receive your booklet, which
 shows why Duffy's Pure Malt
 Whiskey is the purest and best
 medicinal whiskey obtainable.

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The committee on arrangements for the dinner include Lawrence E. Murphy, Michael Murphy, John J. Sharkey, Charles McLean, John P. Tully, Paul Rick Kenny, Jr., Mrs. A. M. Cunningham, J. E. Skinnell, Miss H. E. Swaine, Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. Marcell and Mrs. Peters.

Between the speeches there will be singing by Miss Rose Leveroni and Miss Lillian Grace. Readings will

The following are invited as special guests:

Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., R. of Brighton, Rev. M. J. Doody, R. of Cambridge, Rev. Maurice O'Connor, D. D., Mayor Curley, Mayor Good of Cambridge, Sheriff John Quinn, Patrick P. Cannon of Clinton, National Vice-President of the A. O. H., John H. Donnelly of Cambridge, State president of the A. O. H.

LABOR



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MRS. M. A. SIMPSON
96 E. 8th Street, Flatbush,
Cumberland, Md.

Tributes

Whiskey

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 before we ever consent to

**The Duffy Malt
Whiskey Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.**



The
Duffy Malt
Whiskey Co.,
56 White St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I should be pleased to receive your booklet, which shows why Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is the purest and best medicinal whiskey obtainable.

The twentieth anniversary of the Hibernal Total Abstinence Society of Boston will be celebrated tomorrow evening by a banquet at the Quincy House, President Maurice Dineen will be toastmaster.

The committee on arrangements for the dinner include Lawrence E. Murphy, Michael Murphy, John J. Sharkey, Charles McLean, John P. Tully, Paul Rick Kenny, Jr., Mrs. A. M. Cunningham, J. E. Skinnell, Miss H. E. Swaine, Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. Marcell and Mrs. Peters.

Between the speeches there will be singing by Miss Rose Leveroni and Miss Lillian Grace. Readings will

The following are invited as special guests:

Rev. Dr. Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., R. of Brighton; Rev. M. J. Dooly, R. of Cambridge; Rev. Maurice O'Connor, D. D.; Mayor Curley, Mayor Good of Cambridge, Sheriff John Quinn, Patrick F. Cannon of Clinton, national vice-president of the A. A. H.; John H. Donnelly of Cambridge; State president of the A. O. H.

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CUPID CHANGES THE OPINION OF BISHOP COOMAN

Once Strong Advocate of Celibacy Is Now a Happy Husband.

Announcement of the marriage of the Right Reverend Robert Cooman, D. D., formerly of Boston, now Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Maine, to Miss Margarette Porter of Boston, who is the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Porter, a prominent clergyman, is being disseminated with particular interest by those in Boston who recall his long-continued advocacy of an unmarried clergy.

When he was from Boston to Maine as the Bishop of that diocese, in 1905, he left behind him here and also took with him to Maine a reputation as a champion of unchangeable celibacy.

Over his cassock he used to wear the shoulder cape that is associated with the belief in celibacy.

It is often said that the "celibate's" cape, although that is not strictly the name for it in the list of ecclesiastical vestments.

On the other hand, attention is being called to the second view of the third chapter of Timothy. This says:

"A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife."

Another point of interest in this wedding is that Bishop Cooman is a brother of Stephen Cooman, the rich Boston architect, who is the father of Mary J. Sullivan, a beautiful hospital nurse, one year after she had turned him back to Maine.

The marriage of Stephen Cooman to Miss Sullivan, interested society tremendously. The bridegroom was a millionaire and a son of one of Boston's oldest and most conservative families. His father, the late Robert Cooman, was a famous attorney and senior warden of the Church of the Advent in Boston.

In 1905 Stephen Cooman fell ill. He was sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital and was to Miss Sullivan's ward. She was twenty-two years old and of great beauty, but with a heart that had been broken by the death of her father.

Mr. Cooman was nursed by her and in time to love. He won Miss Sullivan's love.

Although Miss Sullivan was a devoted Catholic and Mr. Cooman had followed the traditions of his family, the wedding took place in the Episcopal church of St. John's in Boston.

At this time Bishop Robert Cooman, brother of the fortunate architect, had been five years bishop of Maine and was still regarded as a confirmed celibate.

Bishop Cooman is fifty-eight years old. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1885 and took up law.

There were two other brothers, Stephen and Rev. Archibald Cooman, rector of the Church of Our Saviour of Rosindale. The eldest brother died.

While he was curate at the Church of the Advent and rector of St. John's he was known for his firm views in the line of the Massachusetts Church, a body of a celibate clergy. At a meeting of the Massachusetts Church Union, an organization of Massachusetts Episcopal clergy, in the Church of the Advent, he made a strong plea for celibacy to remain unbroken.

When he was called to the episcopate in Maine the Bishop told the Maine clergy they could do well to follow in celibacy were natural.

The Bishop, however, had changed now. The Bishop may have been celibate, but his views on the subject had changed. He was now a married man.

But discussion of the romance of the Bishop was not the purpose of the wedding. The wedding took place in the Episcopal church of St. John's in Boston.

At the wedding the Bishop of Maine, who is a member of the Church of the Advent, was the guest of honor.

WALSH ATTACKS LEGISLATION FOR FAILURE TO HELP MILK PRODUCTION

Governor Walsh speaking at the Quannapowitt Fair in Wakefield yesterday, where he was given a rousing reception.



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Governor Walsh attacked the high cost of milk and advocated the State Legislature in speeches yesterday. He said that the milk price was too high and that the State should take action to reduce it.

The price of milk is advancing at alarming rates," Governor Walsh said at the fair. "If it continues, the women who sell will have to deny their country this food."

"The money doesn't go to the farmer," he said. "It goes to the middleman or the transporter. Unless the money goes to the farmer, the milk will be better off."

Governor Walsh said in attacking the Legislature:

"The greatest barrier to progressive government in Massachusetts," he said, "is the Legislature. It dominates the Legislature. If the Legislature would pay more attention to the merits of humanitarian legislation and less to who is sponsor for it, the State would be better off."

GREAT RECESSION.

"If the correspondence school plan for bringing education to the people," the Governor said, "Whether I am Governor or not, the correspondence school idea is so meritorious that it will carry itself along by its own merit."

Governor Walsh spoke first at the Wakefield-Fairing fair to an audience of 1,000 people and later at the Knights of Columbus, where a crowd of 5,000 awaited his arrival in the late afternoon. At both places the Governor was accorded a remarkable reception.

At the close around the race course at Wakefield in an auto the cheers were punctuated by the shrill shouts of admirers.

"Another year for Walsh," "We want you again, Governor," "We can't live without you," "Walsh and the people."

Leaving the fair, Governor Walsh's car was being hailed by a cheering mob, who were shouting and waving their hats.

At the fair, Governor Walsh was warmly received by the people. He was surrounded by a large crowd of admirers.

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to assist in providing wholesome food to the people as cheaply as possible. It is equally a duty to see to it that the milk is brought to the people at the lowest possible price.

The terrible war abroad has shown us that that country has a decided advantage which we must have. We must have a decided advantage in the milk market.

"The State must eventually undertake to bring milk from the farmer to the consumer, at the lowest possible cost, just as the parcel post is now delivering the necessities of life. This doctrine may sound radical, but I repeat that the State must assume control of the transportation."

"I speak with the conviction of experience. I was born in a farming community and, I am pleased to say, I have recommended more beneficial milk legislation than any governor in twenty years."

SPEAKS IN HAINESVILLE.

At Hainesville Governor Walsh spoke from a platform in the center of the crowd. He said his correspondence school plan. "The greatest need in this State is to educate the masses of people who cannot go to school."

"When I became Governor I was determined to stop the poor man and the poor woman from paying for his education. I was convinced that the State owes an education particularly to the men and women who were obliged to retire from school in the middle of their lives."

"Although the Legislature very gradually altered it, an appropriation for this work, I am pleased to announce that correspondence school education is now being prepared for the people of this State and will soon be a thing of reality."

At the conclusion of his speech Governor Walsh presented the trophy for his hand-out play to Captain Charles F. Graham of Union Company of Hainesville.

Scores 68 Bullseyes at Rapid Fire Shoot.

LEWISTON, Me., Sept. 18.—(Lewiston Sun.)—The State of Maine has established what is said to be a new record at the National Guard state shoot, at the State range at Auburn. It was a record of 68 bullseyes in an hour.

The men and women of Boston and New England Have Established the Success Here and Now.

Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe For Men & Women.

Three years ago we opened our first store in Boston, and all this time we have continually improved our business. Our trade has grown and grown, until now we are as firmly established in Boston as the State House on Beacon Hill.

Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe Co. 42 West Street, Boston.

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BOSTON BRIDE A WAR WIDOW

Captain Roger F. Draper, Who Married Anna Lowell Gardiner, Killed in Gallipoli.

Mrs. Roger Francis Draper, who was Miss Anna Lowell Gardiner, a Boston society girl, after a brief married life has been left a war widow through the death of her husband at the front on the Gallipoli peninsula. News confirming Captain Draper's death has reached Boston from London. A host of friends here are sending condolences to the youthful bride, Mrs. Draper, since her husband left for the front, has been in London since his death was first confirmed.

Mrs. Draper is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Gardiner of No. 122 Beacon street. With her parents she was abroad when the war was declared. Mr. Draper was with the party at the Eardwicken, the marriage ceremony performed by the Bishop of London. Mrs. Gardiner, with William Tudor Gardiner, Harvard 14, her son, went to London for the ceremony. The Drapers were considered particularly happy Mr. Draper was commissioned a captain just before he left for the Gallipoli campaign. He had been missing since August 21. His death was first confirmed.

By International News Service. WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—The State Department today was notified that the treaty between Haiti and the United States was signed yesterday by the President of the "Black Republic."

No information regarding whether the Haitian Congress formally had approved the document giving the United States a free hand in the island and command of the Carignan has been received here.

It is accepted, however, that the Haitian Congress will approve the document, which does not become binding until after it is approved by the United States Senate.

American "Fire" Inventor Jailed.

By International News Service. LONDON, Sept. 18.—Charles Gray, the American who claims to have invented the "liquid fire" now being used by the German army, was sentenced to three months imprisonment for giving false information as to his real identity. The court, it is said, was told that Gray had been in the United States.

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U. S. TREATY WITH HAITI SIGNED

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BOSTON WHOLESALE MILLINERY CO. Don't Pay Big Prices FOR YOUR NEW VELVET HATS BUY OF THE WHOLESALE AND Save 1-3 on Your Purchase



Beginning Monday we offer hundreds of new Black Velvet Salts, Pokes and Turbans with soft or stiff crowns. All the most wanted styles will be found here. These hats available at retail at \$1.50. Our wholesale price, direct to you, 96c.

HATS TRIMMED FREE. Boston Wholesale Millinery Co., Inc. 59 TEMPLE PL.



Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe For Men & Women. Because we sell a shoe that men and women need at prices that are commensurate with any pocketbook. Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe means foot comfort, and foot rests upon a soft pliable cushion. The shoe is scientifically constructed and needs no "breaking in."

TO HASTEN OUT THESE UNDERMUSLINS We Have Hundred Thin Prices From a Fourth to a Third. A NEW MANAGER has taken a charge of the Undermuslin Store, and to REBATE STOCKS, she REDUCES prices thus:

1.00 FOR 1.50 COMBINATIONS	1.00 FOR 1
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Monday, Sept. 20th

1. The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title of the document, the author's name, and the date of the document. The title is "The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title of the document, the author's name, and the date of the document." The author's name is "The author's name is the name of the person who wrote the document." The date of the document is "The date of the document is the date when the document was written." The title page is the first page of the document and it is usually the most important page. It is the page that the reader sees first and it is the page that the reader will remember. The title page is the page that the reader will see first and it is the page that the reader will remember. The title page is the page that the reader will see first and it is the page that the reader will remember.

100

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a very important document, as it sets out the President's policy for the new year. The President states that he is pleased to see the Congress assembled, and that he is confident that the country is in a better position than it was at the beginning of the year. He also states that he is confident that the country is in a better position than it was at the beginning of the year.

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SUNDAY BASEBALL AND THE WORKINGMAN

General Francis Peabody Talks Over the Situation with Julian Hawthorne

"Athletics is a good ingredient in any calling in life," says the eminent Boston lawyer and former famous athlete. "And it can be of no benefit, either to the community or the individual, to sit around all day Sunday doing nothing instead of improving his health and strength, and usefulness in his employment, by playing at something outdoors."

LATELY so distinguished a Massachusetts man as General Francis Peabody, Jr., eminent Boston attorney—one of THE Peabodys who settled in Essex County as long ago as the year 1632—visited City Hall to frankly declare to Mayor Curley that, in Mr. Peabody's opinion, the time has arrived when something must be done in the direction of liberalizing Sunday for the benefit of working boys and young men.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who tells us that General Peabody was born, like all good Peabodys, in Salem, has written for the Sunday AMERICAN a Francis Peabody-Sunday baseball story.

Says General Peabody:

Athletics is a good ingredient in any calling in life, and it can be of no benefit, either to the community or the individual, to sit around all day Sunday doing nothing instead of improving his health and strength and usefulness in his employment, by playing at something outdoors.

I DON'T advocate professional, pay-for-admission games; they might be inexpedient in some respects, but every one has a natural right, and should have a legal one, to do what he likes, if what he does benefits himself and does harm to nobody—which is the case with amateur exercise.

It is hard to classify Mr. Hawthorne's contribution, for there is too much "Hawthorne" in it for an interview with Francis Peabody and too much "Peabody" for an essay by Hawthorne. Already we can hear some of our readers say: "I've! That's the stuff!" while others raise their eyes and their hands in horror and exclaim, "Scandalous!" and this from a Peabody, BY a Hawthorne! WHAT are we coming to?

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

"**T**HE only day for exercise that most workmen have got is Sunday. But, as you will see by looking on Page 830, Chapter 98, Section 1, of the Revised Laws of Massachusetts, he is fined five dollars if, on that day, he takes part in any game, or witnesses one, or is in a room where other persons are playing any game. And if, on that day, he keeps his shop open (if he have one) or does labor of any sort, except under strict necessity—even if it be only to dig in his garden or trim his hedges—he is fined fifty dollars. That is the law!"

General Frank Peabody is speaking. Both a man and a lawyer, he is big—big physically, mentally and professionally. He stands six feet tall in his stockings and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds with the broad shoulders of a rowing man, and legs too match; and his waist is not too large for horseback riding, though he is sixty-one years old.

He is a blond, with a healthy, ruddy complexion and steady blue eyes; he was born—like all good Peabodys—in Salem; but went to the English Cambridge in his youth, where he studied law, and afterward read law, and was admitted a barrister; but returned home to his native land, where he took a three-year course in one year at the Harvard law school and did, no doubt, many other good things both indoors and out.

For example, they got up a law school rowing eight; and there is extant, on the mantelpiece of General Peabody's office on State street, a large

but faded photograph of them as they were when they were all of them strong and lusty and feeling good. Central among them stands a lean, muscular young fellow, tall and blond, and weighing one hundred and seventy pounds—decidedly light for that height and muscular development; and that is this same General Frank Peabody as he was thirty-five years ago.

The crew—he rowed rowed. I think—went forth and rowed against other crews in a regatta, and when they passed the finish line the nearest crew behind them was just a minute and thirty-five seconds away, which quite puts in the shade Yale's victory over Harvard last Summer. There were men as Harvard in those days, and a good many of them still live, and are well up to their work.

Churches Would Protest Such a Heathenish Thing.

This is all germane to the subject, as you must know some-thing about what sort of a man he is in order to judge how competent he may be to speak on the rights of laboring men to get out doors on Sunday and play ball, or otherwise disport and recreate themselves as God and their wholesome impulses may suggest, and as the blue laws say they must by no means do.

For the question has come up now and then, and on each occasion, when somebody would offer a plea for the salvation of the physical being of the laboring man, by dint of letting him have fresh air to breathe once a week, and run and jump and move his arms about in a harmless and innocuous way, there would arise a deputation from the various churches of this community to

protest against such a heathenish thing, and to quote, if necessary, from Chapter 98, Section 1, of the Laws of Massachusetts in their revised form (see above).

Possibly, also, they may have in their minds a law of elder days, which runs as follows: "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day. Six days shalt thou work and do all that thou hast to do, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; on it thou shalt do no work."

But, perhaps, also, they may have in their minds the words of the passage is not just what it should be, to suit their argument; the other side might say that exercise for health and pleasure is not work, exactly. And they might add, if provoked, that listening to the kind of sermons preached by persons of the sort constituting the theological and theocratic deputations is work of a very arduous and depressing kind. So they propose to rely on the Massachusetts statutes. "Where do these statutes come from?" I inquired. "Are they the outcome of the latest

theological and theocratic ruminations of the up-to-date clergy?"

General Peabody said: No. The laws date back to the Cotton, Mather and Jonathan Edwards period of our history, when we used to be big witches and drive Quakers into the bush. The rest of the world has moved a little since then; even our religion has undergone some modifications.

Many of us, for instance, entertain doubts as to the dominion of all men by irregular infants. But the good old Blue Laws have never budged what they have revised in the statute nothing are I to impair their potency and man's reason.

I Peabody did not say anything in so many words but he looked them, I think he felt them, and I don't believe he will deny it. When I asked him what the blue law objectors expected to result from the retention of this Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards ban he replied to the effect that their idea might be that games, outdoor or indoor, had

the effect of keeping people from going to church.

"There Is None to Compare with Blue-Law Clergyman."

The intelligence and deep penetration into the secret workings of human conduct which this view indicates do not need pointing out.

Of course, the man who has been working hard all the week in a factory or collar or elevator or treadmill of any description, and who when Sunday dawns—warm and inviting, is told by his pastor and reminded by the policeman that he is not to stretch his cramped legs or open his hollow chest in the open air, or

or look on at a parade or denounce in his own back parlor, under penalty of half his week's wage, or who has been so abandoned and flagrant as to do any of these things, and has paid the fine therefore—of course, his first thought will be to hasten gratefully and joyfully to the nearest church and listen with approval to the eloquent moralistic discourse which the personage in the pulpit is delivering.

It is well known that people deprived of whatever innocent pleasure they happen to want were not that way; that is the reason, indeed, why religion nowadays is so much more loved, revered and believed in than it ever before has been in the course of human and ecclesiastical history.

There is none to compare with a blue-law clergyman for following the depths of the human soul and lovingly enmesh it in the path it should go. Other folks may think, or guess, or calculate, or rely on experience; but the blue-law person knows! And he keeps the blue laws.

He has been for two or three hundred years.

Yes, the Law Appears Very Queer Sometimes. So far from protesting, he told a personal anecdote. One of the trees in my place had been partly blown down in a storm, and a seal

and he was kind enough to add that on the occasions when he had been down he had never afterwards been so much as that. So upon that, I said, that each d on the question of religion, and that no other or diagram could be enabled me to get out of my mind. We

Yes, the Law Appears Very Queer Sometimes. So far from protesting, he told a personal anecdote. One of the trees in my place had been partly blown down in a storm, and a seal

When Mrs. Peabody came out to object, he denounced her for meddling with an officer of the law, and when, a little afterward, he made a snore against our wall, and the wind blew the flames toward our house, and she came out with the mail and a lot of water to put it out, but almost

out to object, he denounced her for meddling with an officer of the law, and when, a little afterward, he made a snore against our wall, and the wind blew the flames toward our house, and she came out with the mail and a lot of water to put it out, but almost

So I got a shoes for the delinquent child, and hence this trouble. It seem to me that a fine would enable him to buy the shoes before. When my case came up,

next case was of three who had been in a row where there was a pack of cards on the table; neither they nor the others there were playing. The judge fined them, too. When my case came up,



"I don't advocate professional, pay-for-admission games" said General Peabody (at left) to Mr. Hawthorne, they might be inexpedient in some respects, but every one has a natural right, and should have a legal one, to do what he likes, if what he does benefits himself and does harm to nobody—which is the case with amateur exercise.

WHITE'S LEADERSHIP

Some stores specialize on style—regardless of price and charge accordingly. Other stores in their efforts to quote low prices forego style.

The unique place that White's occupies among the stores of New England is that by reason of its great business, prestige and extensive buying organization it commands the best style resources and at the same time gives the greatest values.

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY

Hence, at a great loss to ourselves, but as a practical way of showing our great appreciation of the enormous business showered upon us last week, and to extend the benefits of the sale to those who were disappointed on account of the torrid weather, we have decided to hold this overflow sale for the next three days.

Curtains and Upholsteries | Domestic Rugs

[illegible]

Earns

IN ALLSTON--Home, 9 rooms, sea, low rent. In-
quire at P. J. HARRIS, 16 School St.

Used Cars and Accessories

FISK, AJAX, FIRESTONE, EMPIRE—STOCKED! OVERSTOCKED!

Our tires that we have contracted for from the best rubber plant in the world are now in stock. We sell Ten Times While Others Sell One.

	Size	Price	Size	Price
Radial	30x3	\$5.00	30x4	\$5.00
Radial	32x4	2.50	32x5	2.50
Radial	34x5	2.50	34x6	2.50
Radial	36x6	2.50	36x7	2.50
Radial	38x7	2.50	38x8	2.50
Radial	40x8	2.50	40x9	2.50
Radial	42x9	2.50	42x10	2.50
Radial	44x10	2.50	44x11	2.50
Radial	46x11	2.50	46x12	2.50
Radial	48x12	2.50	48x13	2.50
Radial	50x13	2.50	50x14	2.50
Radial	52x14	2.50	52x15	2.50
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Radial	82x29	2.50	82x30	2.50
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Radial	86x31	2.50	86x32	2.50
Radial	88x32	2.50	88x33	2.50
Radial	90x33	2.50	90x34	2.50
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Radial	102x39	2.50	102x40	2.50
Radial	104x40	2.50	104x41	2.50
Radial	106x41	2.50	106x42	2.50
Radial	108x42	2.50	108x43	2.50
Radial	110x43	2.50	110x44	2.50
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Radial	130x53	2.50	130x54	2.50
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Radial	146x61	2.50	146x62	2.50
Radial	148x62	2.50	148x63	2.50
Radial	150x63	2.50	150x64	2.50
Radial	152x64	2.50	152x65	2.50
Radial	154x65	2.50	154x66	2.50
Radial	156x66	2.50	156x67	2.50
Radial	158x67	2.50	158x68	2.50
Radial	160x68	2.50	160x69	2.50
Radial	162x69	2.50	162x70	2.50
Radial	164x70	2.50	164x71	2.50
Radial	166x71	2.50	166x72	2.50
Radial	168x72	2.50	168x73	2.50
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Radial	430x203	2.50	430x204	2.50
Radial	432x204	2.50	432x205	2.50
Radial	434x205	2.5		

The Ballet - By Barbier and Kainer

Both Shooting at Each Other the Same
Way, Here Is an Interesting
Contrast Between the Great French and
German Decorative Artists'
Viewpoint on the Dance



A New Barbier of the Russian
Ballet Beauty Karavina
in "Columbine."

GEORGE BARBIER



How Kainer Draws "Columbine"
With Pavlova as the
Premiere Danseuse.

Barbier's Treatment of Nijenski in
the "Spirit of the Rose."



Another Striking
Kainer
Drawing
of Pavlova
in
the Ballet

HERE is an odd and interesting artistic combination that has just managed to emerge from war-torn Europe.

The Russian ballet is a perennial source of inspiration to the greatest artists abroad, and Georges Barbier, the greatest of French decorative artists, home from the front for a few days, found time to make a few wonderful pictures, of which two are shown on this page are a part.

At the same time there comes from Germany two on the same subject by Ludwig Kainer, who is to Leipzig what Barbier is to Paris. And, curiously enough, before the great war separated the minds and affections of whole nations on the Continent, Barbier and Kainer were friends, each an admirer of the genius of the other.

Now they fight on opposite sides of the trenches, but here their viewpoint upon a more aesthetic, if not so powerful a subject as the war is shown as an interesting contrast.

Barbier is recognized as not only one of the greatest of decorative artists of France, but of the world. He has as great a sense of movement as the famous Bakst, and his color, while not so rugged, or perhaps virile, is far more sophisticated. Bakst brings in the spirit of the Orient—the old Orient of Haroun al Raschid, with a strong dash of Tamerlane and the Tartars. Barbier has to an enormous degree that fine taste and spirit that is France and essentially Paris.

Kainer has a touch of the Slav in the Teutonicism of his work, despite his birth. He has the same sense of rapid movement that Bakst has, and the same curious use of color. The comparison of his work with that of the famous Barbier is illuminative to all art lovers and most interesting in its revelation of the basic spiritual and mental differences between the two.

Taking their cue from the artists of Paris, the German artists at the front are making pictures of all kinds and sending them home for sale. The proceeds are devoted to the

cause of the army, just as those of the French artists are. And, oddly enough, as has been pointed out once before on these pages, the subjects chosen are not the grisly, gloomy sights of war. They deal with the old, pleasant things before the war—the dancing, the feasts, the everyday happenings and pleasures of a nation at peace. So does the artistic mind seem to revolt against the environment into which it has been thrust and find compensation by calling up to memory the old and happy days.

One of the Barbier pictures shows Karavina, the famous beauty and member of the Russian Ballet, in the "Columbine" number, which is a usual part of the ballet programme. The second one shows Nijenski, the celebrated Russian dancer, in that strange conception, "The Spirit of the Rose."

The Kainer drawing to the left is that of Pavlova in the "Columbine." The curious and interesting difference between the two styles is plain. In the large figure of Pavlova, Kainer shows some of the influence of Bakst in the free treatment.

Barbier and Kainer are not the only distinguished artists of their respective countries who help along their different causes by their art. In France especially is the whole artistic and literary world laboring with every ounce of strength and genius to assist the armies. Pictures, sketches and books, the best in many cases that their creators have ever done, are being turned out and find ready sale both in France and England.

Why So Many BOYS AND GIRLS CAN'T HELP RUNNING AWAY

What Your VOICE LOOKS LIKE

THERE are many children and women who need the nourishing element of albuminous food. Others cannot bear the assumption of a new whole, others desire

Why You Are SAFER ON THE OPERATING TABLE Than in a CROWDED STREET

Our MONKEY ANCESTORS Gave Us the ROVING INSTINCT Without Which AMERICA

CITY GIRLS PRETTIER as They GROW OLDER

**Would NEVER Have
Been DISCOVERED**

What a Salt Rub Will Do for You

GROW OLDER

type in city women.

by the knife those timorous persons who now commit suicide by poisoning till too late operations in cases of cancer, appendicitis, etc., where blood poisoning has already begun.

Very Melodramatic Sequel to Mrs Lorillard Spencer's Moro Mission

The Amazing and Thrilling Romance
of an Adventurous English Girl
That Probably Never Would Have
Happened If the Extremely
Fashionable American Lady Hadn't

Thought It
Her Duty
to Help
Civilize Our
Savage
Philippine
Islanders



Types of the Savage Head Hunters, at Whose Hands Mrs. Allen Narrowly Missed Death in a Pit of Venomous Serpents.

Manila, Aug. 29.

IT WAS a Moro-made match. Can you imagine a fierce, uncivilized, brown outflow of the almost impenetrable mountains of the Philippines as a matchmaker? An "irreconcilable" lending his aid to the gentle arts of civilized Cupid? That is what happened in the mountain-walled zone, a day's journey from Taluksaug, in the Philippine Islands, as a melodramatic sequel to Mrs. Lorillard Spencer's perilous mission to the savages of that region.

The methods of the outlaw natives were not of the kind that would commend themselves to the dainty women who will read this tale of love in the mid-Pacific isles, but the facts about them make an exceedingly interesting story just the same.

The heroine is Myra Allen, a beautiful English girl, who despite the importunities of many admirers in England and in the United States, had determined to devote her life to the conversion of the ferocious brigands. The hero is John Morley, a young Canadian of excellent family, and of a competence which he had hoped to increase to many millions as a trader in the Philippines. They are spending their honeymoon in Japan, trying to forget among the flower wilderness of the cherry blossom land the nightmare of the awful adventure which culminated in their love and wellock.

In her London home Myra Allen had heard of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer's perilous last year's venture into the wilds of the Philippines, and of her unexpectedly safe return. A bishop, addressing Miss Allen's Sunday school class, had told of it, and the fresh cheeked English girl with the calm, clear eyes had been swept away upon the tide of his eloquence. He had quoted what the wealthy and fastidious ornament of New York society had said on her return from a year spent in founding a school and hospital at Jolo. "All they need is that you stretch out your hand to them."

The girl's fancy was fired by the picture. The grim realism of the reply: "But you remained near the walls of Jolo. Had you gone among the mountains in the interior and had stretched forth your hand it would have been cut off," she did not know.

Miss Allen, pausing in the States for visits to friends in New York and Denver, had sailed for the Philippines on her journey of salvation. Ultimately she would become a deaconess in the Church of England. Her beautiful face, returned to the stars, was stamped by the "vicious exaltation of her aims. John Morley, sitting on the same boat, often met her on their promenade of the deck. But he knew to one on board. Nor did she. Unfortunately they did not sit at the same table. He had entertained thoughts of cultivating the captain and seeking an introduction, but he had heard that this captain was a stern man, who had



Mrs. Lorillard Spencer and Child. It Was Mrs. Spencer's Mission to the Moros Which Inspired Miss Allen to a Similar Undertaking.

set his face against shipboard flirtations, and refused to converse at them. More inventive men, or bolder, might have devised ways to achieve this girl's acquaintance. But not such a conservative man as John Morley. When they disembarked at Manila they were still strangers.

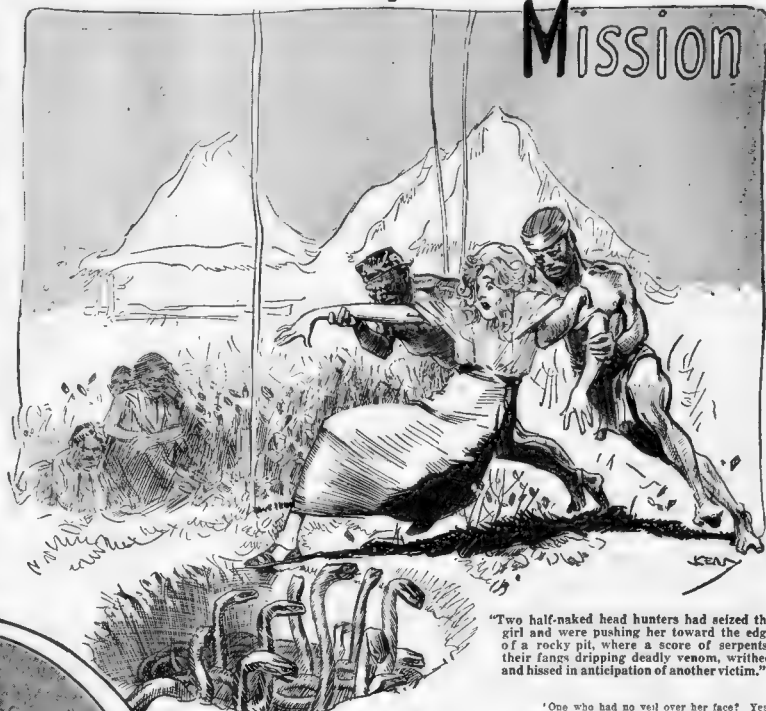
"You are going to Jolo and beyond," he heard the captain say at their leave-taking. He looked regretfully after the tall figure and the ruddy-cheeked face with the saint's eyes, and with a sigh that he stilled set about a strong man's business in the world, the business of getting on.

He established trading posts at a half dozen of the settlements, placing vigorous young Canadians, who had accompanied him from their native Northwest, in charge. Then he proposed to penetrate the interior, and establish more.

"Don't think of it," warned a countryman

of his, "The mountains are infested by the worst group of the Moros. They are the irreconcilables. Not only do they believe in many wives, but they have a taste for human flesh, especially that of their enemies."

"I won't interfere with their many wives custom," rejoined John Morley. "And I'll take with me a half dozen boys so well armed that the head-bangers won't be likely to byrebone me."



"Two half-naked head hunters had seized the girl and were pushing her toward the edge of a rocky pit, where a score of serpents, their fangs dripping deadly venom, writhed and hissed in anticipation of another victim."

"They've roasted bigger men than you, and eaten them with relish. Don't you know, man, that one-fifth of the people of the Philippines are Mahometans, who think that their condition in Paradise will be improved by every Christian they have digested? They are thirsting for your blood!"

Silencing protests with a laugh, John Morley set forth to the interior. Having established another post without serious hindrance by the natives, the spirit of adventure stirred him to make the journey to the island of Basilan with a view to establishing a post at Taluksaug.

"Don't," a white man warned him. "You have escaped thus far. Don't spring between the molars of those savages."

Again John Morley laughed. But this friend was more foretelling in his pleasantry.

"Don't be a fool," he warned. "Only two or three white persons have returned from such a journey. A girl started on the last boat. She could not be dissuaded, and when I saw her putting off I knew she was going to her death."

A memory stirred poignantly in John Morley. He was surprised at a sudden, unaccounted fear in his heart.

A tall girl, English, with fresh color and beautiful, calm eyes! he asked

"Yes; a girl who had been doing missionary work at Jolo, and was bent on reconciling the irreconcilables."

"You say she went to Taluksaug?"

"Yes, to the very hotbed of Mahometan fanaticism."

She has gone to try to convince those Captain Kidds that they should have but one wife. A swing of a bolo and she'll be silenced forever. They are against interference with their family affairs as in matters of government.

After that fiends could not have kept Morley from the island of Basilan. Arriving at Taluksaug, he inquired into a suitable point for the establishment of a trading post, and much for the destination of the young missionary.

"To the north," they said, pointing to the far line of the dark hills, and those touched by civilization among them shook their heads at mention of the girl and her errand.

John Morley hastened with his little band to the jagged mountains, whose high edges seemed to rend the sky. He travelled for three days, following the one path, then another, then another, until he had a tall white woman.

"One who had no veil over her face? Yes, she had ridden to the north."

"One dirty native woman had seen her before the last going down of the sun." "She spoke to me. She read from a book. She asked if I were the only wife of my husband and when I told her I was the fourth she knelt and prayed." The dirty native woman spat upon the ground.

John Morley's face was white as he listened. "That says," he asked the hag. She nodded toward the mountain peak. "She will not go far," she exulted to the interpreter. "One of our women, a princess, went to Europe and got education. She came back with strange notions like that. She told us we should be but the one wife of one man. One day she was gone. No one has ever found her," the hag laughed.

"She has not gone far," she repeated.

Morley and his little band dashed across the stopped not for supper nor to rest, though the men grumbled that they were tired. Something strong, inexplicable, compelling, drove him on. At midnight, as he approached the group of boulders at the highest point in the mountain, he understood what had impelled him. From the shelter of the rocks came a cry of anguish. A woman's voice wailing in the presence of death.

Morley and his little band pushed on. They hunched stories to the source of the cries. A turn of the largest boulder and they faced a scene that chilled their blood. Two huge half-naked head-hunters had gripped the girl by the shoulders and were urging her forward to a tortuous death.

In the center of the space surrounded by the wall of boulders was a pit from which proceeded a sound as of the boiling over of a dozen tea kettles. Above its dark, round edge protruded slimy dark heads, hissing from red open mouths, poison dripping from waiting fangs. Into this Hades depths the Moros were about to plunge the beautiful missionary. In the background sat native women with their fat, brown children, watching the scene with stolid enjoyment.

Morley, at danger of a hideous death, flung himself between the girl and the hissing executioners. A blow from the butt end of his pistol and one of the head-hunters was felled senseless. At his command one of his men grasped the other igitote. A third menaced to neighboring igitotes by a flourish of his revolver. Others patrolled the boulders walls of what had been so nearly a chamber of death.

A shot into the snake pit and the reptiles slipped back to its depths to inspect their brother's remains.

Myra Allen lay in a crumpled heap. John Morley leaned over her, his ear upon her heart, to assure himself that she was still alive. How the little band of Canadians carried the girl down the mountain path in the moonlight, how her escorts convoked her to safety, and how, while she was recovering at the little hut near the mosque, she abandoned all thought of converting the Mahometans because John Morley convinced her that it was her duty to regenerate her life, to commence beside the girl's awful peril on that mountain top.

She journeyed to Jolo with her rescuers, continued her journey to Manila under the chaperonage of a deaconess. With the deaconess as an attendant the wedding was performed by a young curate. In a villa out of Tokyo the bride is trying to regenerate the memory of the mountain peak from which she was saved by her bridegroom.



Miss Myra Allen, the Pretty Heroine of the Thrilling Romance of the Philippines That Nearly Cost Her Life When It Won Her a Husband.

Our Experiments with Light as War's Newest Arm.



PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON. N.Y.

In Trench Warfare, with Night Attacks in Constant Expectation, Rockets Are Sent Up Which Give a Momentary View of the Enemy's Movements. In This Photograph a Rocket Is in Position to Be Sent Up the Moment the Command Is Received

By Rene Bache

NOTHING in the whole course of modern warfare has proved so fruitful as the present European war. Its progress has been a series of experiments in the use of new weapons and new methods of attack. The most notable of these experiments have been in the use of the new weapons of the air, the submarine, the tank, and the gas mask. The most notable of these experiments have been in the use of the new weapons of the air, the submarine, the tank, and the gas mask.

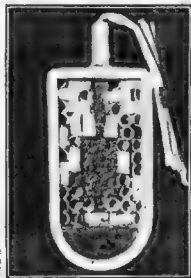
Take the case of the new weapons of the air. The first step was the invention of the dirigible, which was used for reconnaissance and for the dropping of bombs. The next step was the invention of the bomber, which was used for the destruction of enemy bases and for the bombing of cities. The most recent step has been the invention of the night bomber, which is used for the bombing of enemy bases and cities at night.

It is a wholly novel idea, the use of light in warfare. The first step was the invention of the flare, which was used for signaling and for illuminating the battlefield. The next step was the invention of the searchlight, which was used for the illumination of the battlefield at night. The most recent step has been the invention of the rocket, which is used for the illumination of the battlefield at night.

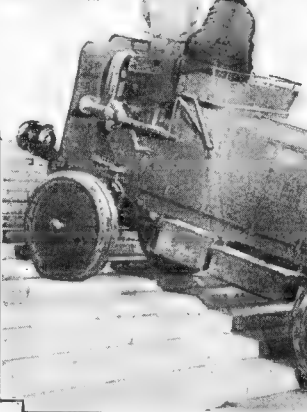
These experiments have shown that the use of light in warfare is a new and powerful arm. It has been used for the illumination of the battlefield at night, for the signaling of troops, and for the destruction of enemy bases and cities. The use of light in warfare is a new and powerful arm, and it is one that will be used in the future.

The use of light in warfare is a new and powerful arm. It has been used for the illumination of the battlefield at night, for the signaling of troops, and for the destruction of enemy bases and cities. The use of light in warfare is a new and powerful arm, and it is one that will be used in the future.

Auto Searchlight, "Flares," "Star Bombs," "Parachute Rockets"
—All Sorts of Devices to Reveal, Confuse and Outwit the Enemy, Being Tested by the War Department to Meet the New Conditions of Night Fighting



A "Star Bomb" Shows the Arrangement of the Separate Charges of Illuminant, Which, on Discharge, Furnish a Succession of Brilliant Flashes.



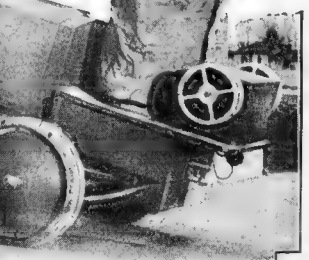
Powerful Searchlights Mounted on Motor Cars Designed for That Purpose Are a Useful Feature of Army Equipment. The United States Government Is Experimenting with Them. Here an Auto-Searchlight Is Being Run Up the Steps of the Army War College to Test Its Usefulness Over Rough Ground.

number of them conveniently in his knapsack. Of course, to use them, he must carry a rocket pistol also, but this sort of firearm weighs not more than three and a half pounds.

For emergency work in night battle, and for fighting in darkness at close quarters, the combatant in the German war is using "flares," which (really stowed in the knapsack) can be thrust at an instant's notice into sockets connected with polished metal reflectors of small size. With such help, when ignited, the combatant can see the enemy's position, and therefore can be thrust at an instant's notice into sockets connected with polished metal reflectors of small size. With such help, when ignited, the combatant can see the enemy's position, and therefore can be thrust at an instant's notice into sockets connected with polished metal reflectors of small size.



How the "Parachute Rocket" Is Used in a Night Attack—from a Drawing of an Actual Attack in Flanders. Four of the Grenades Have Just Burst in the Air Over the Attacking Force, and Their Lights, "Held" by Parachutes, Are Falling Towards the Ground. The Three Men in the Right Foreground Have Illuminating Grenades on Their Rifles, Ready for Firing. The Havoc Which Is Shown Wrought in the Ranks of the Advancing Enemy Is Caused by the Marten Hale Rifle-grenade, Which Is Imagined Being Fired by Defenders Not Visible in the Drawing.



best means of defense against him thus far discovered is the searchlight. In every one of light. In every one of the European armies now in the field, each regiment—often each battalion—has its searchlight, of the same make and considered equally indispensable.

Up to the time when the present war began, the searchlight was commonly mounted on wagons drawn by horses. Even today this is the case to some extent. The Germans have a searchlight car specially designed for mountain work—horse-drawn and weighing less than 1,000 pounds. Its "carriage," on which the reflector is mounted, can be detached on an over-stap road and transported separately from the "limber," which conveys the power supply apparatus.

One of the attempts by the French to solve the problem represented by a searchlight mounted on rubber-tired wheels, and which, wheels and all, is carried on the "rear platform" of an automobile chassis. Thus the affair may be dismounted anywhere he desired. There are very many purposes for which searchlights may be usefully employed in warfare under modern conditions, one of the most important of them, for the defensive, consists in illuminating points (especially defenses) over which attackers must advance, in order that the latter may be brought under fire at the earliest possible moment, and to observe the effect of the fire.

On the other hand, searchlights may be used to prevent defenders from improving their positions or other works under cover of darkness, to light up defensive works or other artillery targets, and to assist an attacking column by illuminating rough ground or artificial obstacles.

Use of the use of the military searchlight should be mentioned that of confusing the view of balloons aloft. Searchlights are kept dark during the day, and are only used at night. The use of searchlights at night is a new and powerful arm, and it is one that will be used in the future.

From what has been said it appears that the new art of fighting with light is both offensive and defensive. Light under up-to-date military conditions, is as much a weapon of war as such as the rifle or the machine gun. If once drawn into international conflict we are not to be beaten, we must learn how to use it. Which, in a word, represents exactly the problem which Uncle Sam is now trying to solve.

Uncle Sam prefers the glass mirror. The War Department has provisionally adopted a pattern of "auto-searchlight" for field use. It consists of a motor car with power and light-generating apparatus and a "trailer" that is simply a standard artillery caisson carrying a 10-inch reflector.

This machine has been run experimentally over plowed fields, to prove its usefulness in a difficult terrain, and, with few exceptions, it has been found to be the rather steep steps of the War College, in the grounds of the Arsenal Barracks at Washington.

Mlle. Lubowska's

PHOTOS BY
UNDERWOOD &
UNDERWOOD, N.Y.

**The Very Striking
Methods of Acquir-
ing Beauty and
Grace (Pharaoh's
Beauties Did 'Em)
Explained by the**

[illegible]

lant, they stretch in gleaming
poises of white, black and red
St. Germaine. And by day, I
sense the same beauty in colder
aspect. The long, gray lines of the
houses, the concave, straight lines of
the galleries of the Tuilleries, the
other parks, laid out upon the model
of the parallelogram, seize and pos-
sess one.

I was first captivated by the charm
of the Louvre when, wandering
through the galleries of the British
Museum, I came upon prints of the
early Egyptians. I saw now curving
lines, no seeking after the symmetri-
cal as the idea of loveliness. There
were none of the "voluptuous curves"
of which the modernists write and
tch. The women were very straight,
very thin. They had the straight
lines and half transparent quality
of the Syrians. Thereafter, the
curvatures seemed always to me as
unbearable, glancing, mysterious,
wholly alluring human curves.

I pored over the pictures of
the Egyptian women, and in inspi-
ration, I likened about their
statues. My imagination was lost in
the labyrinth of an Egyptian, the
earliest history of Egypt. I absorbed
my manner of life. I thought
of the acroteria, "the sharp cor-
ners." I concluded was the symbol of
the Egyptian. The figure of
Myra, in my salon, I began to
recreate the dances of that dim, far-
away time. But at first it was a won-
der failure. Dancing and posing be-
lieved the crowd I saw myself merely
grotesques. Presently, I discov-
ered the reason for my failure. It
was not in harmony. I was plump,
as plump as a German marchion.
I was not the slender figure of
Cleopatra because curves may not
express beauty.

Myra began making myself thin.
I ate one meal a day. For the rest
of the day, I sat in my room, and
my blood should not become so
poisoned by my fasts. I walked for
hours in the Louvre. I had dis-
covered the modern dancers until my
head whirled with fatigue. I
went to the opera, I danced and
swept the floors. Finding her
arrogance, I told her to let the beauty
be performed by her. I drank
much water, for if you drink much
water, you are thin.

I slept two hours less than I
had done before.

After two months this ascetic life

This is an Attitude Beyond Price for Stout Women, for it Reduces the Abdomen and Gradually Removes Superfluous Flesh from the Thighs.

begin to reveal itself in straightness and thinness. I discovered, I became straighter and thinner.

And when I had become thin enough to be worthy I resumed my posturings before the mirror. And now I laughed instead of wept because I detected resemblances to the dark sunbeams of the prairie in the British Museum.

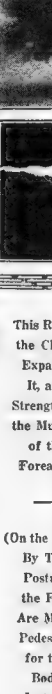
The effect upon my health was one of direct benefit. There was an attitude in which the elbow was bent on a line with the shoulder and the hands were turned in a right angle with the waist, accompanied by extending the leg straight out in front of the body and forming a right angle with the torso, that was especially valuable. I saw that it was beyond price to stout women, for it reduced the abdomen and gradually removed the superfluous flesh from the thighs.

Another attitude in which the upturned palms and forearms are extended from the stiffly bent elbow, was of value both in raising the chest and developing the forearm.

One in which the palms are turned downward and the hands held sideways on a plane with the shoulder- and with one leg extended

Whole
Body.

diffi-
culty
well
basi-
73



This Raises
the Chest,
Expands
It, and
Strengthens
the Muscles
of the
Forearm.

(On the Right)

By This
Posture
the Feet
Are Made
Pedestals
for the
Body
Instead
of Mere
Extra
Weights.

He had danced three before.
He told me, a proof that
py. It came from an
in the face of his
be: "I have seen at
the prints of ancient
ever have I seen the
of the accuracy
the mummies
you from the
they walk and live
city, only, if I know

**This Makes Tense and Develops Strength in the
Muscles of the Upper Arm**

One o
Mile.
Lub
owska
Sweepi
Motion
with
Every
Muscl
Held
Taut,
That
Develop
Grace
in the
Whol
Body

One in which the arms formed an 'L' and the feet were turned out at the sides, made of the feet the pedestals for the body they should be instead of mere extra weights hanging on.

At last I had the motif for the postures of the Egyptians. They moved as though without bones.

And so was it, that, having my desire, I was able to make my arms twist them as though there was not a bone in them. I learned to move my feet as though they were quite boneless. Gradually I acquired control over my muscular organism.

And so I was able to move directly and convincingly assume the difficult attitudes of the human figures of ancient Egypt. But it was a whole white fire. For had I not mastered the art of the dance? no other dances of classical dancing.

[illegible]

**This Raises
the Chest,
Expands
It, and
Strengthens
the Muscles
of the
Forearm.**

(On the Right)
By This
Posture
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Pedestals
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Extra
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This Is an Attitude Beyond Price
for Stout Women, for it Reduces
the Abdomen and Gradually Re-
moves Superfluous Flesh from
the Thighs.

begin to reveal itself in straightness and thinness. I persevered. I became straighter and thinner. And then I was told that I was thin enough to be worthy I resumed my posturings before the mirror. And again I was told that I was thin because I detected resemblances to the dark subaunas of the priests in the Borgias.

The effect upon my health was one of direct benefit. There was an irritation of the lungs, and I began to cough on a line with the shoulder and the hands were turned in a right angle with the body. I was now beginning to trend the low straight out in front of the body and forming a right angle with the body. This was especially valuable. I saw that it was beyond price to stout women, for it was the only way to get the chest removed the superfluous flesh from the thighs.

One day in which the upturned palms and forearms are extended from the stiffly rigid position of the arms, I was told that I was developing the chest and developing the forearm.

One day in which the palms are turned downward and the hands held sideways on a plane with the feet, I was told that I was developing the chest and developing the forearm.

The Diary of Bewitching Miserable Baroness Vetsera

Extraordinary and Pitiful Revelations Which Throw the First Real Light on the Mysterious Murder of Crown Prince Rudolph and the Mad, Illicit Love That Cost the Writer Her Own Life

The Diary of the Baroness Vetsera

THE Baroness asked me to their ball. Nothing extraordinary, but my heart leaped with joy when I read the invitation.

April 26, 1889. Hearing the clank of sword and scabbard on the marble floor, my admiring turned to a look of horror. The Crown Prince. The very thing I had been told of. Yes, it is the Crown Prince. The very thing I had been told of. Yes, it is the Crown Prince. The very thing I had been told of. Yes, it is the Crown Prince.

My father-in-law. I am a thousand times obliged, Princess, for the opportunity to kiss Baroness Mary's hand. Not a word from me—all my famed cleverness had evaporated. I felt like a little schoolboy in the presence of Prince Rudolph. I did not take my eyes from the floor until Her Grace said: "Pray, enter into the Imperial Highness for a while at least, Baroness."

She bowed low before the Prince, smiled at me and withdrew. I looked about. All my admirers had gone. Had I been so rude as to let them depart without a word or nod?

Was I pleased? Was I afraid? Hard to tell. One thing only is sure—though from two to three hundred people were about, I felt as much alone with Rudolph as if I were alone with him.

He looked at me with a smile, and I felt his eyes upon me. He looked at me with a smile, and I felt his eyes upon me. He looked at me with a smile, and I felt his eyes upon me. He looked at me with a smile, and I felt his eyes upon me.

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Prince felt upon his knees, clasping my hands in his and burying his head in my lap. I tried to push him away; I bowed, I besought him to think of his dignity as a prince, as a husband. "Highness," I cried over and over again, "don't be carried away by momentary impulse, lest both of us pay dearly for our indiscretion."

At last Rudolph raised his head, but remained on his knees, and his great blue eyes sought mine with an appeal that touched every fibre of my heart as he gasped: "Mary, sweet Mary, no platitudes if you please. What do I care for crown or wife since you are the only woman in the world, the only one I can love, the only one that combines everything to make me happy?"

"The Princess," I gasped, pushing him from me. "Every vestige of affection I ever had for that woman I now tear it out of my heart!" cried Rudolph. "Mary, you are my queen, my empress, my god. May I die a dishonored man if I don't make you my wife, and I swear by all that's holy—no, not by my mother, I swear by the Black Virgin of the Burg—that until our marriage I will look upon you as a sister, loving you as the angels in heaven love one another. Mary, oh, Mary, pray to God that our love remain pure and innocent."

"I was beside myself with happiness. I think I eternally cried and laughed with joy. "May I hope?" asked Rudolph after a pause of ecstasy. I bent over him and kissed the tips of his curly hair. "You say," I breathed.

He asked so little and I was willing to grant so much! At that moment we heard steps. The Countess Rudolph rose quickly, and the gate of paradise shut in our faces.

How beautiful is life when we love, and I, the sweetest, heart of the greatest, the best and the best looking

man in the world. Among millions of women and girls he chose me to love and honor, and he loves only me, me! How he trembles with emotion when I permit him to carry my hand to his bosom. He loves me, makes me the luckiest, the richest girl in the world.

May 15. Daily at 4 we met at the Countess's, quite extra done, for Marie allows us the use of her apartments while she goes driving or shopping. This afternoon as Rudolph and I were seated on the sofa close together, Rudolph said:

"Mary, dear, have you ever considered what will become of us?" Without a moment's hesitation I answered: "Of course, we will love as long as breath is in us, and as heaven will we continue to love each other."

"Very beautiful in theory," smiled Rudolph. "Your Highness," I interrupted. "I am no highness to you, dear," cried the Prince. "Call me Rudolph, lover, sweetheart, anything you will, and 'that me, I insist.' He took my hand between his hands and pressed a long kiss on my brow, rendering me happy beyond words.

"You will be mine," demanded the Prince. "I will be everything you will," I returned, wondering what he meant.

"Then be my little wife! I'll make you Crown Princess, Emperor!" "I could hear my heart beat, my bosom palpitated and I was so wild with excitement I lost my speech. Then I felt his lips.

"And your real wife, the Crown Princess?" "I will divorce her and obtain the Emperor's permission to marry you."

"But His Majesty is constitutionally opposed to divorce and mesalliances."

"I am his only heir, help to the crown! I shall tell him that I can't live without you, that separated from you I will die!"

May 26. Affairs are not proceeding as swiftly as anticipated.

We had counted on the Crown Princess's early acquiescence—imagine the "Bright present!" written off to Pope and Kaiser, to parents, uncles, cousins and aunts, insisting that she will never, never accept divorce—that she would rather see Rudolph dead than happy with another. Yet Rudolph has asked her consent in the gentlest manner possible. Far from taxing Stephany with her ill manners, her jealous and nagging disposition, Rudolph took pains to explain their differences as mere incompatibility of their respective temperaments. "We can never sympathize or agree with each other on any point," he said to her. "Isn't that overwhelming evidence of a mismatch?"

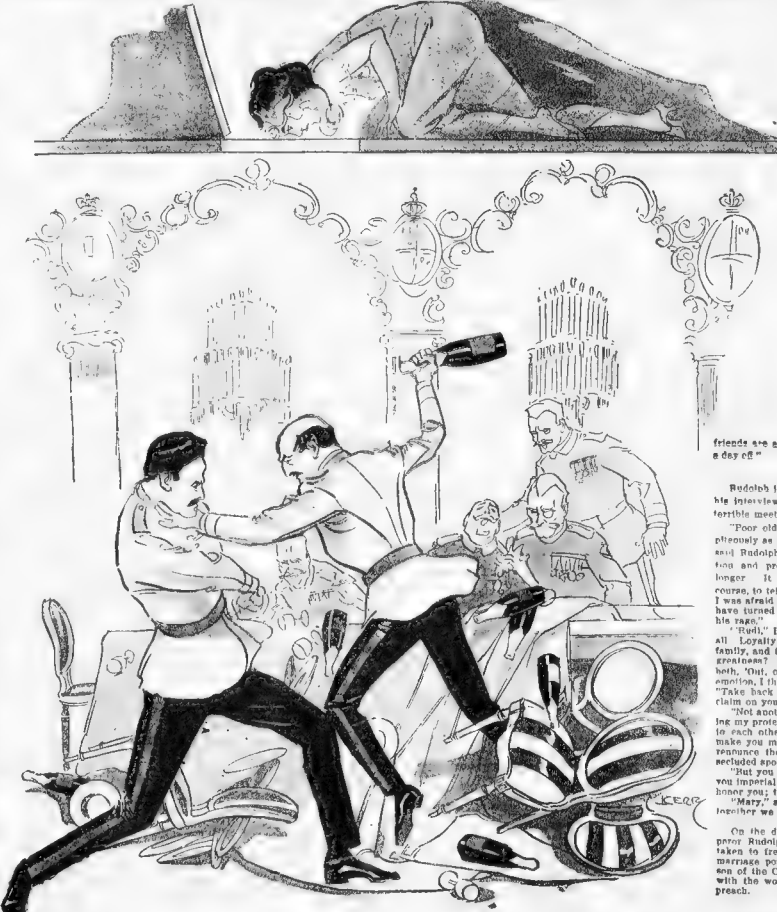
Kindly but plainly he insisted that he wasn't disposed to spend the rest of his life wrangling with an unloved woman, and advised her to make the best of an intolerable situation.

She won't. She says she will fight. As you like madam. On my part I asked Rudolph not to be harsh with her, for at bottom I rather pity Stephany with her red arms, her leafless hair, her scrawny neck and her awkward figure, or want of figure. Or does any one suppose it her fault that she was born without eyebrows and eyelashes, or that she affects the walk of a trampelighter (dummkopf)?

June 4. To-morrow I am going to Mevelling. Breakfast, the Crown Prince's confidential coachman, will pick me up at Augustin's Church—a little waiting for a girl of eighteen. May God pardon me! He struck me with blindness, and is responsible if I can no longer distinguish between right and wrong!

June 7. Within a mile of the castle Brattich joined in his horses and I noticed Looschek, Rudolph's confidential valet, approaching. He brought a note from my lover, asking that I look the rest of the journey, following Looschek at a little distance. We entered the Chaled through a rear door. Rudolph was at the bottom of the stairs. "We are all alone here," he said. "My

The Baroness Mary Vetsera, from a Photograph Taken Just Before Her Death at Mevelling.



friends are at the chais and I gave the servants half a day off."

June 14. Rudolph is back. He flew into my arms the minute he met me with the Emperor was over. Another terrible interview between father and son.

"Poor old dad was in tears and wrung his hands piteously as he begged me to spare him the disgrace," said Rudolph. "I simply couldn't resist his supplications and promised to bear with Stephany a while longer. It would have been the proper thing of course, to tell him of the steps already under way, but I was afraid to open up the wound. His sorrow must have turned to anger, and the Emperor is terrible in his rage."

"But," I said, "for your father's sake let's end it all. Legally forbid to carry discord into the Imperial family, and this farthing-candle, is it worth the sun of greatness? Wouldn't it be far better to say to Rudolph, 'Out, out, brief candle!' And, overcome with emotion, I threw my arms around his neck and sobbed. "Take back your promise; you are free. I have no claim on you; regard me as one dead."

"Not another word, sweetheart," said Rudolph, clasping me in his arms. "You and I belong to each other, and I solemnly renew my promise to make you my lawful wife, my empress. If I fail I renounce the succession and with you to a secluded spot to live for you and our love alone."

But you must follow your destiny. God appointed you Imperial heir to these realms; the people love and honor you; they expect great things from you."

On the day following his interview with the Emperor Rudolph told me of the decisive steps he has taken to free himself from Stephany and make our marriage possible. He wrote to Leo XIII. as a free son of the Church, asking him to annul his marriage with the woman making his life a burden and a reproach.

August 1st. No answer from the Vatican. If the Holy Father continues silent much longer, I will go to Rome and, on my bended knees, I will beg and implore him to grant our prayer. He doesn't understand French, I believe; I don't speak Italian. So I will address him in Latin. I have the speech all worked out. I will

say to him: "Thine is the power, O God—the God of love; therefore be our sufferings, O God, and bleed."

I am anxious, a sitting order to Rudolph, you before I retire. "This Vetsera. Joseph the moment talking to you an council has decided enough—too far, for I turn to Stephany as Austria's son. So infamous Otto!"

"Crown Prince I you are hereby excommunicated on the spot. "I would rather "You heard who "And I say to y my brain unless marry the girl who "Let me see how worth the load) s his voice. "Now my orders."

Twenty minute Rudolph, on beha intended to apollo and Herzegovina. They are going! The banquet c, ccess and the shel

Rudolph's bold: I am invited to ch row—he persuaded be for the best, at nothing in the talk but no grievanc

"A hundred and

"While she listened and watched at the little trap in the ceiling the drunken quarrel developed into a fight. Down went the Crown Prince, his head crushed by a wine bottle."

Who Cost Austria's Emperor His Only Son

The Meyerling Tragedy, the Baroness Vetsera and How She Died

THE sudden death of Crown Prince Rudolf, only son of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, at Meyerling, near Vienna, on January 27, 1889, has always remained the greatest court mystery of our time. It was one of the interminable series of tragedies that have marked the sad Emperor's life, culminating in the great war in which he is now involved.

The world was only certain that Rudolf had perished suddenly and violently with his companion, the Baroness Mary Vetsera, whose relations with him had recently angered the Emperor. Every attempt to explain the mystery was sternly repressed in Germanic countries. Versions of the affair published elsewhere were not carried conviction.

There has now reached London a manuscript that purports to be a diary of the Baroness Mary Vetsera. It fell into the hands of her maid after her death, and has been concealed until this time, when it is very safe to publish it outside the Teutonic countries. Whether it be entirely authentic or not, it gives the first rational explanation of the double tragedy, and is evidently filled with intimate information concerning the principals, as the accompanying extracts from it will show.

We learn that the Crown Prince was so devoted to the Baroness that he actually tried to obtain a divorce from his wife, Crown Princess Stephanie, in order to marry her. The Emperor finally exacted a solemn promise, under oath, from his son never to see the Baroness again. This was known to her family and to various court officials. In spite of this he took her to his hunting estate, at Meyerling, in company with a number of dissipated companions.

Alexander Balthaz, an uncle of the Baroness, went to the hotel in which his niece was there. The Crown Prince, knowing he would be detected by the discovery of his violation of his promise, shot Balthaz dead. The Baroness's diary states with the shooting of Balthaz, but the explanation of the other events follows inevitably from what she has described. All the men in the party had been drinking. One of them, realizing that they were not only hopelessly disgraced, but involved in murder, killed Crown Prince Rudolf, apparently with a full champagne bottle, for when his body was displayed in state in Vienna it was found to be so severely injured at the top and his face quite unrecognizable.

One of the drummers, feeling that Mary Vetsera was not out of the way, shot her dead. The Austrian Government took immediate steps to conceal

the nature of the tragedy, and the dead Baroness was carried from the house as if she were alive. We know this from a recent book by the Countess Marie Larisch, a niece of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria.

The secret police compelled Mary's uncle, Count Brockau, and one of the three Balthazs "to take the body out like a living person." They dressed her in her street clothes, secured her drooping head to a piece of champagne slipped down the back of her neck, and between them walked the corpse to a waiting carriage in charge of a waiting officer.

Even in the carriage the dead body continued, the dead Baroness being placed upright on the back seat, causing the corpse to pitch forward against her relatives time and again, owing to the rough road. When the party arrived at the cemetery of Heiligenkreuz Abbey (Abbey), darkness had come and the isolation of the place rendered further precautions unnecessary. The body was taken from the carriage by the head and feet and carried to a sort of morose, where a rough pine box was in readiness. It was dumped in the lid nailed on and the coffin was carried on a wheelbarrow to a grave, dug near the cemetery wall. There were no services of any kind.

The extracts from the diary begin on the first columns of these pages.

leaving over the least case, that had come from Rudolf late in the afternoon. "Your Majesty," she said, "I just finished counting them: a hundred and five diamonds, and the smallest three-quarters of a carat. I bet."

She listened the great creature in my tale. Rudolf's diamond collar I wore it at dinner, as a memento for my family bedroom—when I fastened the new earrings. "Wastrel Rudolf," the watch is painful to bear, but I would welcome him back to-night if he happened to enhance my beauty."

I heard Marie on the staircase. "Quick, my dear child. The Countess must see my jewels in the evening."

We arrived about the Court, and I had the satisfaction of being stared at by the whole household, such was the sensation I produced, opera glasses were leveled at me from each of the Arch ducal boxes.

I looked my haughtiest, even failing to acknowledge the compliments of Michael Bragana, who kept speaking to me of my lovely neck and arms, my bewitching shoulders, etc. Suddenly I felt, among the multitude of eyes resting on me, a pair that stared my blood.

"Your glasses," I said to my admirer. These Belgian peasants, Stephan and Louise, were cataloguing Mary Vetsera with innocent gaze, and unfeeling comment, I warrant you.

Pretending not to recognize the Imperial ladies, I remarked: "Really, Duke, when your royal relatives lend their box to servants, they ought at least to see that persons of good manners. Those ill-dressed groundlings opposite should be turned out by the valets."

Michael, who was perhaps more than usually stupid that night, grew red, while Marie elbowed me and George looked daggers. Meanwhile Rudolf came to the front of the box occupied by his wife and sister-in-law. I gave him a friendly nod and the two women put their heads together. If they didn't tell me an impudent hussy, or worse, their looks belied them. Rudolf soon withdrew and, for the rest of the evening, I gave all my attention to the stage and to personal friends that called on me during the intervals.

Since that night at the Hofburg an army of spies dog our footsteps—mine and Rudolf's. Plain-clothes men on bicycles follow my carriage; postmen patrol the road to Meyerling. To this latter place Rudolf put a stop. Yesterday he went on horseback, in full general's uniform and attended by adjutants and outriders. He sent the first trooper he met for the officer in charge. "Sir," he said to him, "you and your superiors—whatever they may be—are hereby ordered by the Inspector General of the Army to keep away from all the roads leading to my country house. Any man found there in future will be court-martialed. No call of your men and begone."

That startled the pedestrians. Just the same that fact has orders to turn around immediately if he encounters an suspicious person when he drives me to Meyerling.

I am a dead woman. The Pope has decided against us. Rudolf has come in person to acquiesce in the great news, but I happened to be out. Upon my return I found his card. However a letter from Marie, seeing the Crown Prince expected me without fail at Meyerling. "As your mother and Hannah are at Budapest call the butler that you must go to Paris by the night express—a case of sickness or something of that sort," she advised.

The Holy father did not deign to answer my letter direct. He wrote to the Emperor instead. You can imagine how gratified the old gentleman is," cried Rudolf as I entered.

When I answered his summons this afternoon the Emperor ordered me to return to Stephanie within three days.

Fatherly I obeyed; but he pushed back his chair and rushed into the next room, banging the door.

Meyerling, January 27th, 1889.

(Enclosure to Toletaria.) I have come again to Meyerling with Rudolf. At 10.30 this morning we were roused by the quieting news that Loebach had come from Alland. Half dead from frost now, his bones dropping at the gate with exhaustion.

The Emperor wants to see Your Highness at 19 o'clock, most important," reported Loebach.

Rudolf returned a chilled man. He is morose and inclined to quarrel, and tries to punch the lion in his veins by copious doses of champagne mixed with brandy. I begged and implored him to stop drinking and to tell me his troubles.

"All's over, my poor Mary," he murmured, between sobs. "If I had to promise father—I couldn't refuse the dear old man when he cried as if his heart would break. They arranged a family dinner at Ludwig Victor's for tomorrow," he continued, "and I am expected to make up with that hateful woman. But by the Black Virgin of the Buda I won't—I would rather die than do so."

Count Hovos persuaded Rudolf to go with him to the chief business's ledge to give final orders for tomorrow's chase with Michael Bragana. Dietrichs, my irrepressible lover, to judge by the noise. He always travels with a retinue of courtiers and servants

waiting for their salaries. The perforated ceiling— I shall soon find out.

I have heard my doom. Merciful Virgin, take pity on an innocent!"

Here is the awful situation that Rudolf, in his kind way, withheld from me. Bragana got it from the Archbishop's Maria Theresa wife of Carl Ludwig, and the latter got it from his brother, the Emperor. All these parties look upon me as an outcast.

At 10 o'clock a semblance of friendly relations was maintained, besides giving his word of honor, as prince and son, that he would never see me again. Did he give his word? gasped Philip Coburg. He did, though not willingly," I heard Bragana say.

"No matter," said Philip, "he has to live up to his promise or doff his regimentals. Even a common soldier couldn't afford to recognize Rudolf if he spoke a single word to Mary after he came from his father."

Disheveled, Rudolf broke his parole—my hope shattered. They will strip him of his epaulettes, they will break his sword to the tune of the drum if I could get away from here. I could throw myself on the railway tracks.

Midnight. I went from one room to the other, all over the floor. I peered out of every window, north and south, east and west. Mounted patrols in the distance, knots of men near by, carrying spy-glasses and dark lanterns. We are watched. To stir from here would be to guarantee Rudolf's disgrace. He and Hovos have come back. They are laughing and joking in the dining room. I won't listen to a traitor's voice. Cotton in my ears and to bed!

I can't bear him near me. Feigning I was half dead with pain in my head, I went to bed while he joined Hovos and Bragana. But sleep won't come for twenty-four hours I have been torturing my brain to think means of escape, but as long as the house is watched I must stay.

The Crown Prince hides his despair from me and tells it to the butler!

Champagne and brandy, brandy and champagne! In the morning a message came from Loebach's confidant, a man at Alland. Still Rudolf and Marie Alexander, who is determined to find me and—"rough the kidnapping."

"They refer to foul language in Alexander's words," I will tell you what they mean: "I will

"Dressed in her street clothes, secured her drooping head to a piece of champagne slipped down the back of her neck and walked the corpse to a waiting carriage."

lower the lights, go to the little trap in this floor and join me."

At 12 in the afternoon Uncle Alexander gained admission at Meyerling. Count Hovos having agreed to receive him. He stated his positive belief that I was in the chair and demanded to be taken to me immediately. Hovos gave him his word of honor that, as far as he knew, I was not here.

At that moment the Crown Prince rushed in. "You will do nothing of the kind, Alexander Balthaz—you must be satisfied with my word of honor that Mary is not at Meyerling."

"Your word of honor," retorted Uncle Alexander. He could say no more. A shot rang out, uncle fell in a heap, shot through the body.

My God, must I bring misfortune on all who love me!"

I spend an hour crying. Sieleballs—Prince Philip back from Vienna. "Their Majesties were much relieved when I told them that your indisposition was in no way alarming and that you hoped to be out in a day or two," he reported.

Rudolf replied with an oath that he would join the rest at tomorrow's chase. "Here's my doctor," he cried, pointing the tibia with a bottle (it sounded like that) "and my only friend."

"You are a liar; we are all your friends"—this from Bragana, who must be hopelessly drunk. They will come to blows if this continues. They quarrel. The quarrel grows hotter, all-outing and yelling at top voice. Impossible to write down the horrible things they say.

(End of Mary Vetsera's Diary.)

These were the last words written by Baroness Mary. The paper on the side of which was an envelope addressed to "Tourette," was stained by a multitude of tear marks.



is the power to bind or dissolve, to banish misery and ennoble the representative of the Lord of kindness, of charity, the God of charity, oh Holy Father and end let us die in misery. Dissolve

November 5. I am utterly crushed. Even as we were last night, Loebach brought us from His Majesty. "I want to see you," wrote the Emperor.

"What has to sing?" cried Francis he caught sight of his son. "I am head of the family, and the family and that indulgence has gone far. Drop her at once, and read your duty. Remember you own you want the crown to go to that

Rudolf," he continued in icy tones, demanded to return to her Imperial

start," wrote Rudolf

to I said: "You that I will send a bullet through allowed to divorce Stephanie and even now is my wife before God."

"I pay to chancel!" (You won't be loused the Emperor at the top of your apartments, sir, and wait

is later an adjutant announced to of His Majesty, that the Emperor is him Governor-General of Bosnia

to take him from me! our love was served over a vol. is nearly worn away!

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A Photograph of Mary Vetsera at the Time She Met Crown Prince Rudolf.

Count Hovos persuaded Rudolf to go with him to the chief business's ledge to give final orders for tomorrow's chase with Michael Bragana.

Dietrichs, my irrepressible lover, to judge by the noise. He always travels with a retinue of courtiers and servants



The Meyerling Tragedy, the Baroness Vetsera and How She Died

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" the Work of a Hypochondriac?



John Bunyan Writing the "Pilgrim's Progress" in Prison—Bedford Jail, England, Where He Was Confined for Twelve Years.

The Doleful Lamentations and Evidences of Remorse and Despair Which Sprinkle Every Page of the Puritan Tinker's Writings Lead Dr. King to Ascribe His Famous Book to Diseased Nerves and Brain

"GREAT genius to madness is near allied," is a favorite theory with the medical profession. Physical ailments and distortions have been added to this chief cause of extraordinary creative power, until most of the supremely great men and women of history are essentially catalogued as abnormal in one way or another.

John Bunyan, the immortal author of "Pilgrim's Progress," now joins this celebrated galaxy. According to Howard D. King, M. D., a neurologist of reputation, writing in the New York Medical Journal, Bunyan owes his fame to the fact that he was a chronic "hypochondriac."

The "Pilgrim's Progress" was composed during Bunyan's term of twelve years in prison—Bedford Jail—Whither he was sent in 1660 for caustic writings against the Church of England. He was a tinker by trade. As a youth he was tortured by fits of remorse and despair. When the spirit of Puritanism was at its highest vigor in England he wrote and

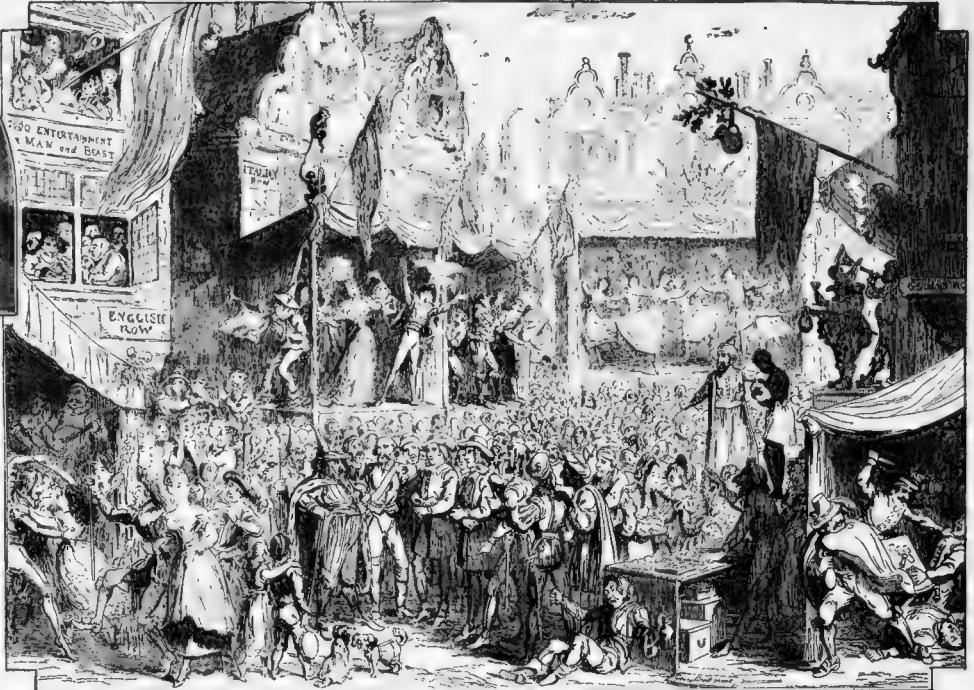
Dr. Howard D. King's Diagnosis of Bunyan's Case.

—In the New York Medical Journal

In the autobiography entitled, "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," contained the most vivid picture extant of a hypochondriac. It is a record of the feelings of "God's poor servant, John Bunyan," as the author styles himself. The plain tale of his unhappiness, from boyhood up to his imprisonment in Bedford Jail, is explanatory of many passages in his more pretentious work, the "Pilgrim's Progress," which do not

exhort for it, becoming an index of the masses. Dr. King's interesting and ingenious article, printed on this page, vents his discovery on "internal evidence" contained in Bunyan's writings, notably the masterpiece, with which the whole world is familiar.

harmonizes with the physical experiences of normally constituted Christians. In this connection attention is especially directed to the slough of despond the man in the iron cage, the description of Doubting Castle, Mrs. Diffidence and Giant Despair, Bunyan says, in words which naturally break into rhythm, "I behold the condition of the doer and toad, and counted the estate of everything that God had made for better than this



"Vanity Fair," as Described by John Bunyan, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and as Pictured by the Famous Cruikshank in Illustrating That Immortal Work.

for the pilgrim, just as he is rushing at them with a club.

Bunyan parenthetically remarks that attacks of periodic mania recur the sky was bright: "the sometimes, in sunbiny weather, fell into fits"; a very sage observation, and one not likely to occur to any but an actual sufferer. Hear with Shakespeare's hypochondriac: "I have of late (but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise; and indeed, it goes with heavy weight to my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'ershining firmament—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors," says Hamlet, pointing out of window to a bright starry sky. It does seem that the poet knew well the condition.

It is very seldom that a hypochondriac escapes without the general misery, being harassed in pain of some part or another, either continuously or at irregular periods. Bunyan says, "I felt such a dizziness and heat at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at sundown, as if my head could have split asunder." This is the pain in the hypochondria, whence the disease gets its name. The "closing and the heat" is very graphic of the symptoms of hypochondria.

The loss of power which was described in the muscles of certain parts, still more infrequently affects the involuntary fibres of the intestinal tract. The peristaltic movements become sluggish. The bowels become filled with gas, distending them inconveniently and painfully. Poor John Bunyan seems to have been a blow-up, that he says he feared he was going to suffer the fate of Judas Iscariot, and "burst asunder in the midst."

A vague alarm of impending evil, which sometimes, as in Bunyan's case, takes the concrete form of a dread of hell, and thoughts about his Saltema may frequently disturb the hypochondriac individual. The weight, which in his "Grace Abounding," Bunyan describes himself several times as suffering from this symptom—as he says it, "inclining to a consumption, whereat, about the spring, I was suddenly and violently seized with much weakness in my outward man." And a few pages afterwards he speaks of being "very ill and weak," presumably from a similar cause, when his spirits suddenly revived, and he thought of the angels carrying Lazarus into Abraham's bosom. Then he missed with comfort on "O grave, where is thy victory?"

"At this," he goes on, "I became well both in body and mind at once, for my sickness did presently vanish." He typifies this symptom in the person of one of the prisoners in Doubting Castle, "Mr. Despondency, who was almost starved to death."

This usually pictures the male as the sufferer from hypochondria, but women are not wholly exempt. It may be noted that Bunyan himself was, and only one woman in Bunyan's day, who does not describe; because, indeed, he knew nothing of the other sex "but by their apparel" beyond his own family circle. He says he had a "fay of woman's labor," his illness to be whomsoever I see. Their complaint alone I cannot away with." Thus, it is evident that Bunyan did not receive the confidences of hypochondriacal females.

Rest seems to have worked wonders for Bunyan the miserable. The being shut up as a Nonconformist for twelve years in Bedford Jail effected a cure, "though it was a filthy and noxious den," as he justly terms it. He says, "I never knew what it was for God to stand by me at all times, as I have found him since I came in hither," and confesses that he passed his time there "in much content." It was at this period that he was gay and cheerful enough to compose the characteristic and descriptive anagram of his name, John Bunyan, "No boy in a B." Indeed, he was a bee full of new honey. From this date on he suffered no relapse. The truth is that he was well fed up by admiring friends, and entered on his true vocation of writing those life dramas which have, even to this date, enraptured him in our hearts.

In the moral treatment of hypochondria Bunyan is an excellent guide. Is it not remembered how, when Christian and Hopeful were in the dunce, in defeat, case indeed, the former suddenly beheld him that he had a key in his bosom called "Framiness," with which he picked one after another the locks that lay between them and liberty. "And so they went up to the mountains, to behold the gardens, and orchards, and fountains of water, where also they drank and washed themselves, and did eat freely of the vineyards." There is no key equal to it. It is somewhere in everybody's pocket, but the prisoner must find it himself, and the medical adviser seldom has an opportunity of helping him.

At all events it is to be hoped that no sufferer will come across such a miserable comforter as poor John Bunyan. He tells us, in "Grace Abounding," "I took an opportunity to break my mind to an ancient Christian, and told him all my case. I told him also that I was afraid I had shed the sun against the Holy Ghost, and he told me he thought so, too." It is all very well to agree with a crazy man's whims, but a hypochondriac may claim a right to be reasoned with, and John Bunyan was badly used by the ancient Christian. Several other hints

equally suggestive may be found in the "Pilgrim's Progress." Though the pilgrim managed to escape, the giant was not destroyed, but afterward fell under the sword of Mr. Greatheart, Mr. Darnotie and their companions. In fighting make others happy, the sufferer and is drawn out of himself and conquers its own foes.

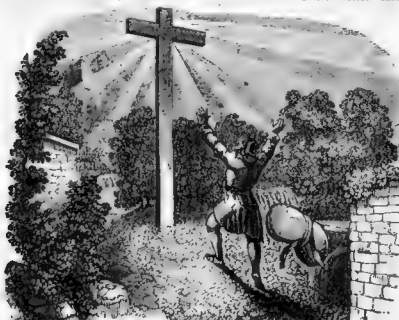
Bunyan felt very clearly the antagonism between hypochondria and the ethic life. Puritan though he was to the backbone—a fanatic, nonconformist, martyr, satirist, woman hater, a foiled reformer, at war with the age and getting the worst of it—he had the true poet's sympathy with all that was human; and he celebrated the dingy-down of Doubting Castle in a fashion that his soured coreligionists must have denounced as

"idolatrious and pagan; No less than worshipping of Darnotie." For "Christians, if need was, could play upon the viol; and her daughter Lively on the lute. So since they were so merry disposed she played them a lesson; and Ready-to-halt would dance. So he took Darnotie's daughter, Much-afraid, by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand; but, I promise you, he footed it well; also the girl was to be commended, for she staved the music handomely."

What is Ready-to-halt's "crutch," which he could not lay aside? Bunyan leaves us to interpret it, according to our own experience; however, for the error it means the medical treatment, which cannot safely be laid aside, even when the condition seems to have yielded to a natural season.

Hard work and worry seem to aggravate the condition of hypochondria; but usefulness is much worse. It was by going out of their way and failing early, that the pilgrims fell into the clutches of Giant Despair.

If Hamlet, the Dane, is the prince of the psychic miseries, then surely John Bunyan, of Bedford Jail, takes rank as the King of Hypochondria.



Christian's Burden of Guilt Falling from His Shoulders as He Comes to the Cross and the Wall of Salvation.



Christian and Hopeful, Sleeping in the Grounds of Doubting Castle, Are Awakened by Giant Despair.

How The War Has Set The Most Unexpected New Fashion In England

Wartime Economy Pledge For All Englishwomen, from Queen and Peeresses to Shopgirls

I HEREBY pledge myself, for the good of the nation during the continuance of the war, in accordance with the plan of the Parliamentary War Saving Committee, to practise economy, according to my position, as follows.

- To reduce as far as possible the ordinary expenses of my household.
- To devote my motor cars to public uses, and to use public conveyances, myself, or walk.
- To ignore the new fashions and wear my old clothes so long as they are serviceable.
- To devote the ornamental parts of my estate to the growing of food material.
- To eschew taxicabs and theatre boxes, and costly suppers.
- To avoid wastefulness in the kitchen, by preparing made-over dishes; to look after my own children and household, avoiding all unnecessary expense for the hire of governesses, maids and other servants.

(Signed)

IMPRESSED by the stern realities and stern prospects of war, women of all ranks in England are making rigid economy the fashion. "Fashions," in the ordinary sense of the term, are unknown from Queen Mary and Peeresses, and old, down to housewives of the masses, foot the favorite and shortest.

The Queen set the example two or three months ago by appearing in simpler costumes, while it was announced that King George has materially reduced the expenses of his household at Buckingham Palace, cutting out several departments and releasing many attendants and servants to serve the Government in munition factories and elsewhere.

The Queen's example was soon followed by ladies closely connected with the court, and now most of the so-called aristocratic society are economizing as was undreamed of before the war. Their ranks are being increased every day, partly owing to the activity of the Parliamentary War Savings Committee, including the economy pledge propaganda in the hands of Mr. H. E. Morzan.

This pledge has taken the concrete and detailed form disclosed on this page. It is a "blanket" form of pledge which is appropriately signed by any Englishwoman, however rich and noble, however humble. The economies which its signers pledge themselves to practise are of the kind that will conserve the country's resources in the most practical way. For example, as an offset to the soaring prices of food, the owners of splendid country houses are converting ornamental parts of the grounds into vegetable gardens. Then that former American, William Waldorf Astor, has offered to the War Savings Committee the use of the great estate of Cliveden at its discretion.

The Scottish beauty, Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, personally directs vegetable gardening in the grounds of her country house. Many other rich English society women are helping to solve the food problem in the same way.

The most unexpected economies however—economies which society women have—over are just to put into practice in relation to personal adornment. For once in the history of English fashionable society old clothes are the fashion. The modistes, milliners, dressmakers and hatters are finding themselves and their wares virtually ignored.

It is known that the beautiful young Countess Percy, for instance, is adding nothing to her wardrobe this season. It is said that several weeks ago she made

a personal inspection of her stock of hats, lace, furs, and articles of jewelry, and decided that she needed nothing more for at least another year.

English housewives are giving up more elaborate dinners. They have taken to heart the enormous advance in food prices and are paying strict attention to affairs of the kitchen, preventing waste and conserving themselves with good food, which they would have scorned a year ago. An example of this sort is furnished by that most celebrated of English beauties in aristocratic society, Miss Marjorie Manners. She is credited with the actual supervision of the culinary department in her home, performing wonders in the way of encouraging the chef to prepare made-over dishes.

It is one of the methods of economizing that in the least favor with the War Savings Committee. Its general adoption in the great houses would do much toward keeping down the prices of food necessities.

Another economy that appeals powerfully to the Government consists in the use of the humblest public vehicles, omnibuses and tram cars, because this releases a great number of private motor cars for Government use. It is a matter of common knowledge that Lady Meriel Bathurst has not retained a single one of her private conveyances. She walks a great deal, and frequently is seen mounting to the top of a London bus.

Although taxicab service in London is not expensive, actresses and chorus girls, as well as women of leisure, have given up that habit along with expensive seats at the theatre and costly suppers. English women of all classes are going about on foot to an extent never before heard of. Quite a number of Peeresses and other rich women with large establishments have cut their army or servants in half, turning superfluous footmen and chauffeurs over to Kitchener's training camps. Some have gone a step further and actually are doing a considerable share of their own housework. The Countess of Kerry is one of these devoted wartime economists, acting as her own maid and doing her own laundry and teaching her two charming children.

In this way many maids and governesses have been released to serve their country well in the munition factories. There is so much enthusiasm for the economy fashion in all classes that it is hard to say where it will stop. One thing is certain, however, nobody complains of being the worse off for it. In fact, there never was a time when the women of England seemed more cheerful and energetic.



The Countess of Kerry, and Her Children, for Whom She Acts as Maid and Governess.

The Beautiful Young Countess Percy, Who Economizes by Renovating Her Last Year's Wardrobe.



Lady Marjorie Manners, Most Celebrated of English Aristocratic Beauties, Who Practices Economy in the Kitchen by Encouraging the Chef to Prepare Made-Over Dishes.



Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, the Rich Scottish Beauty, Who Directs Gardening Operations on the Grounds Surrounding Her Splendid Country House.



A View of the Magnificent Grounds of Cliveden, Which William Waldorf Astor Has Offered to Devote to Any Use Suggested by the War Savings Committee.

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Lady Meriel Bathurst, Who Uses the London Busses, Having Turned Her Motor Cars Over to the Government.

Across the United States in a "Land Yacht"

Mr. Conklin's \$25,000 Motor Gypsy Van and Its Ingenious and Luxurious Accom- modations and Equipment

THE very latest whim of luxury is a landgoing yacht, an auto designed to carry eight persons from New York to San Francisco.

While no sea-going yacht or house boat was ever more luxuriously fitted and appointed than this new land-cruiser, the most notable feature about the auto, perhaps, lies in the ingenuity with which the comfort and safety of its guests have been provided for with the least possible expenditure of space and weight.

There is something about the way in which this car has been fitted out which reminds one very much of the efficiency displayed by the German army. Nothing seems to have been overlooked. Every possible contingency seems to have been provided for.

Just as an example might be mentioned the landyacht's tender—a fully equipped motorcycle which, at a moment's notice, may be lowered from the "upper deck" by means of a regular ship's davit, and sent off to summon relief in case of need or to meet any other emergency that might arise.

The landgoing yacht was built by Roland R. Conklin, of New York and Huntington, L. I. Mr. Conklin is well known in financial circles because of his large interests in the Cuban sugar industry and as president of the New York Motor Bus Company. His recent venture, "Rosemary," at Huntington, L. I., is one of the show places of the country.

When Mr. Conklin decided last spring to take his family to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition, he conceived the idea of making the trip in an automobile which would provide living as well as travelling facilities. His idea was to design a car that would have every comfort and necessity provided by a private Pullman, and a few more, and yet be able to travel over any ordinary country road.

Instead of being obliged to lay up in the noisy, smoky terminal of a railway yard, it could stop and camp by a wooded stream or in the corner of a green pasture at night.

A few weeks ago Mr. Conklin, his family and two chauffeurs, making a party of eight, started from Huntington, L. I., in the unique vehicle, which has been dubbed the "Gypsy Van," and they are now well on their way to the Exposition. No attempt will be made for a speed record. On the contrary, the coast to coast trip is expected to take between three and four months, many side trips being on the program.

Before describing the car proper, a very fair idea of the exterior of which may be gained from the photograph and sketches on this page, a few words may be devoted to the remarkable equipment with which the car is provided.

Reference has already been made to the motorcycle, but so carefully have most contingencies been provided against that it ought seldom to be necessary to summon outside aid.

For going over stretches of sand, for instance, long canvas strips are provided. For crossing unbridged streams there is a knockdown portable bridge. In case the "yacht" should be unfortunate enough to land in a mudhole or ditch, there is a winch, to be operated by the motor, which is strong enough to get it out of trouble with very little difficulty.

There is a powerful searchlight in addition to the riding lights, a complete "first aid" kit, a set of fire extinguishers and a wonderful variety of tools and machines, including an electric drill, an electric soldering iron and an electric valve grinder.

The car itself may best be described, perhaps, by imagining that we approach it from behind and then enter on a tour of inspection.

The door in the back is opened by turning a handle which automatically does a couple of steps. Having ascended these steps and shut the door after us, we see on our left hand a large vestibule, two sections, one higher than the other, the lower section of the lower vestibule containing a wash basin with mirror and other toilet articles. Attached to the main vestibule is a small room, which is a kitchen, which is connected by pipes to the main chamber, providing a flow of cold water at all times.

roof of the car are shelves for preserves, groceries, etc., which do not require being directly overhead as one enters is a shower bath, with curtain and tachment. The overflow of water is taken care of by a very ingenious contrivance concealed in the floor of the caravan. A number of small trap doors are raised, and when secured in place they form the sides of a bath and prevent leakage of water.

A pump, driven by gears from the shaft, is provided for filling the water tanks on the roof. It will lift water from a depth of 15 feet below its level to the front of the frame. A 7½ k. w. generator, driven from the gasoline motor, and a 20-cell battery giving 225 ampere hours at 36 volts, supplies electricity for cooking, vacuum cleaners and auxiliary lighting.

A selenic generator and battery automatically controlled is used for starting the gasoline motor and for lighting. Very easy riding is secured through the employment of semi-elliptic springs, 4 inches wide and 26 inches long, specially constructed. The brakes are very powerful, the service brake acting on 1 rear wheel having 260 square inches of braking surface.

Before starting on its transcontinental trip, this motor land yacht was driven several hundred miles over the hills of New Jersey and Westchester County, and

At night the salon is converted into a bedroom for six people. Three sleeping berths let down from the ceiling of the room, although they are designed in such a way that during the daytime no one would ever suspect their existence, and the three settees, are readily converted into comfortable beds. Mattresses six inches thick of special construction are provided to insure comfort.

Each berth is provided with its own electric reading lamp, one at each end, and has special arrangements for hanging clothes.

As we move to the front apartment, or driver's cab, which is separated from the salon by a large window, allowing the passengers to have a front view as well as a side one. The window is screened at night to allow of perfect privacy in the car proper.

The driving cab contains sleeping berths for the two chauffeurs which are concealed during the day; two boxes and storage for accessories.

On the roof, which is reached by means of the steps before mentioned and through a trap door which is easily opened as one ascends, is provided storage for most of the equipment carried, including a value for each one of the eight passengers, guns, ammunition, tanks for water, oil and kerosene.

There is a rail around the roof which is capable of permit of passing under the roof. The roof garden is provided with a waterproof folding top, allowing for outdoor sleeping when the weather is favorable. A large silk American flag flies from a regulation flagpole with halyards.

Awning are provided for each of the windows for use when the car is standing still.

When the roof garden is cleared for action, it is roomy enough to permit of dancing, the talking machine being raised to the roof for the purpose.

The body of the motor is mounted on a truck chassis, the motor is a 20-horsepower, with such changes and additions as were necessary to meet the varied conditions upon it. The inside dimensions of the

body are 21 feet in length, 7½ feet wide and 6½ feet high. The body has forty-four good-sized windows, fitted with glass shades and copper wire screens. Screen doors are provided in addition to the regular doors, at both entrances. Each entrance has folding steps, operating automatically with the doors.

The unusual size of the "Gypsy" necessitated special study in the matter of color. The exterior being largely veneered with wood, a soft tan stain has been used, which shows the grain of the ash. The chassis is a quiet grey green.

Since it is desirable that the car should look fresh and inviting inside, even after a long day's run, the paneling which forms the walls and ceiling is stained a faun grey, which brings out the rich grain of the wood. All the fittings follow this note, the upholstery and valances being of grey Spanish linen with a design in the mellow greens, blues and reds of old tapestry. The silk curtains harmonize with the general scheme, preserving the restful effect of the interior.

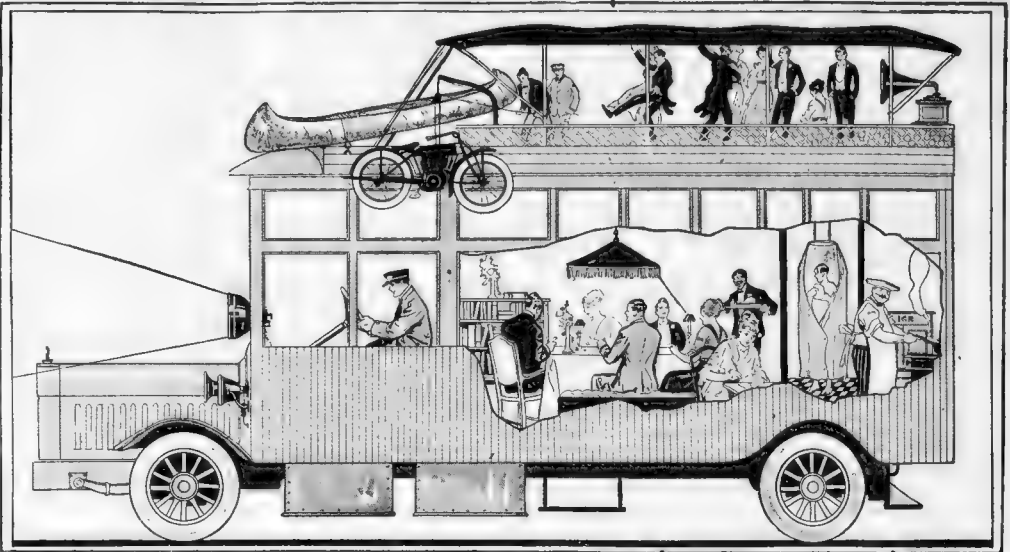
One of the most interesting features of this remarkable car is its easy arrangements for converting it into a veritable camp when the owner wants to stop for the night or for fishing or shooting. This is done by raising the top and side curtains for the upper deck, and letting out awnings against either side, when when lowered protect the main body from sun and light rains without the closing of windows. The upper deck is also made mosquito proof. When stopping for camp, a flag waves at the head and a powerful searchlight can rotate in every direction.

The weight of the vehicle, with its complement of passengers, crew and provisions, is a little less than that of a Fifth avenue motor bus, with its passengers. The wheelbase is 206 inches, but the overhang in the rear is only 46 inches, measured from the rear axle centre. A six-cylinder gasoline motor, with cylinders 4½ x 5½ inches, is used. The transmission is of the selective sliding door type, with gears always in mesh. It is really a double 2-1-1 box, so that it gives nine speeds forward and three in reverse. This unusual transmission was necessary because of the special requirements of this vehicle. It must be able to travel fast on good roads, or on good roads, than the ordinary motor truck of similar weight, and must also be able to negotiate steep grades and deep sand. The gear ratio of the lowest forward speed is 86.23 to 1, as compared with 26 to 1 on a Fifth avenue motor bus. The gear ratio of the lowest forward speed is 86.23 to 1. First drive is through four gears. Solid tires, 53 x 36 inches, lowest on the rear, are fitted.

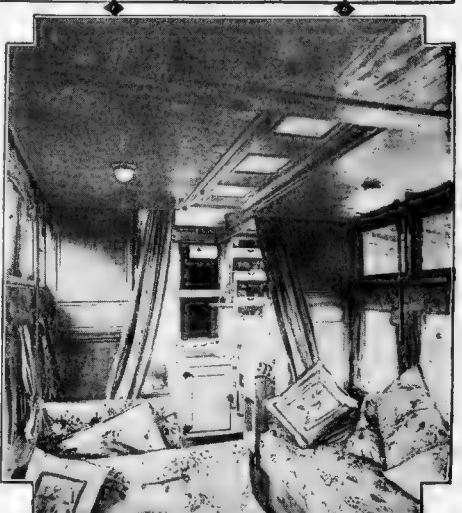
The Conklin "Gypsy Van" at Huntington, L. I., ready for its unique voyage to San Francisco, showing some of the party at the windows, and the top which makes the upper deck serviceable as a sleeping porch or for a dance.

The Conklin "Gypsy Van" at Huntington, L. I., ready for its unique voyage to San Francisco, showing some of the party at the windows, and the top which makes the upper deck serviceable as a sleeping porch or for a dance.

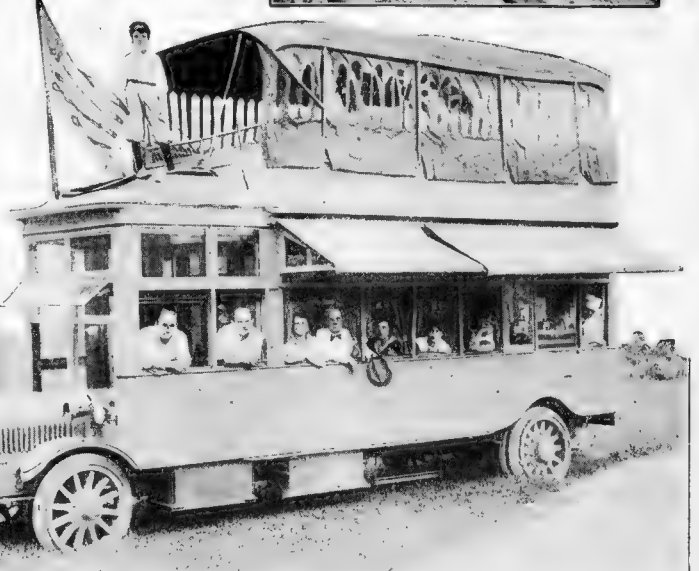
The Conklin "Gypsy Van" at Huntington, L. I., ready for its unique voyage to San Francisco, showing some of the party at the windows, and the top which makes the upper deck serviceable as a sleeping porch or for a dance.



Diagrammatic View of the Conklin "Land Yacht." Showing How, While Some of the Party are at Dinner, Others Might Be Dancing on the "Upper Deck." One of the Chauffeurs Is Shown Taking a Shower Bath, While the Cook Is Seen in the Kitchen Attending to the Meal. A Motorcycle, Ready for Emergencies, Is Being Lowered from the Davit and a Canoe Is Also Made Ready for Use.



A Corner of the Salon in the "Land Yacht." A Partial View of the Kitchen Is Also Presented, Showing the Wonderful Ice Box, Electric Range and Other Kitchen Equipment.



The Conklin "Gypsy Van" at Huntington, L. I., ready for its unique voyage to San Francisco, showing some of the party at the windows, and the top which makes the upper deck serviceable as a sleeping porch or for a dance.

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YOU MIGHT TRY...

How Trademarks Help Housewives to Get Their Money's Worth

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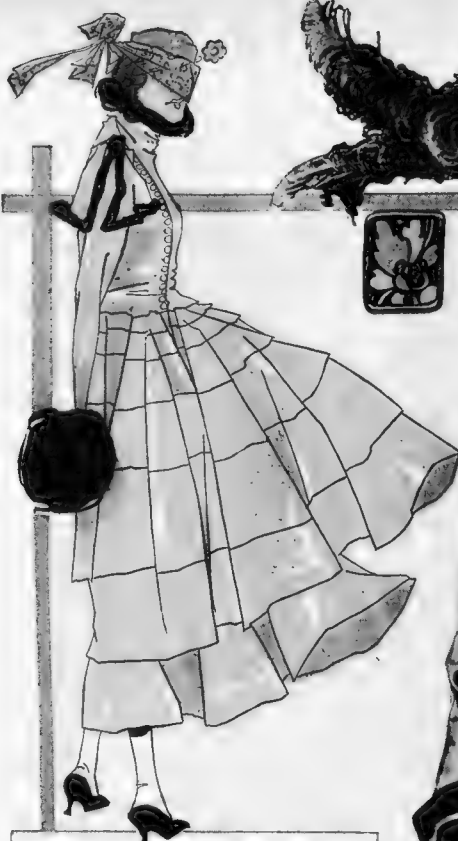
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The New Fall fashions

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York.



The New Style Full Skirt With Graded Bands.
("Lucile" Model.)



New Fall Black Satin Race Coat Trimmed With Gold Braid and Buttons. The High Collar of Fall Is Shown on This Coat as Well as the Elaborate Trimming.
("Lucile" Model.)



Blue Gabardine Dress With White Embroidered Collar and Yellow, Blue and Green Figured Tie.



New Long Fur-Edged Tunic.
("Lucile" Model.)

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("LUCILE")

JUST a few words to give a hint of the new Fall fashions. Here is one of the new skirts and tight bodices that mark some of them. The skirt is in graded bands of silk. The little fur-trimmed shoulder wrap is also one of the new and charming oddities. This model shows the high collar, as does the coat pictured in the centre of the page. The coat is of black satin trimmed with gold braid and lined with tussore. The military note clings to the new Fall fashions. It is accentuated by the tight-fitting hat and the military plumes.

Over on the right the charming little model shows one of the long fur-edged tunics which in combination with the brilliant blue waist of this dress is extremely effective.

Down at the left is one of the low collars on a trim walking dress of blue gabardine. The collar is white and embroidered; the tie of yellow, blue and green. A belt of patent leather completes the costume.

Soon I shall show you some of the new gorgeous hats and the more gorgeous-than-ever brocades and fabrics that will make Missy of the Fall and Winter more like a Bird of Paradise than ever.

For one thing, fur is used in combination with velvets, embroideries, laces and brocades to present a most unusual and striking effect. This was, of course, foreshadowed last season by its use as edging. This year, however, fur actually takes its place as a fabric.

The thing to be avoided is the creation of a "patch-quilt" effect. Otherwise it is astonishing how lovely these bits of pelts appear in conjunction with the rarest of laces and the most barbaric of "trimmings."



COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN

September 19, 1915

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The Original Katzenjammer Kids

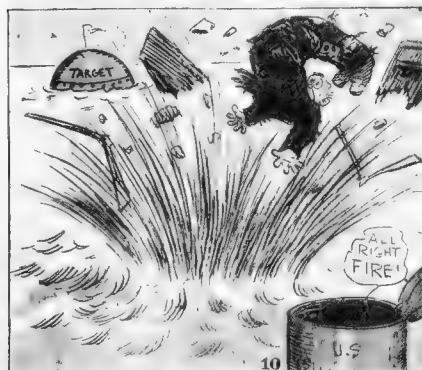
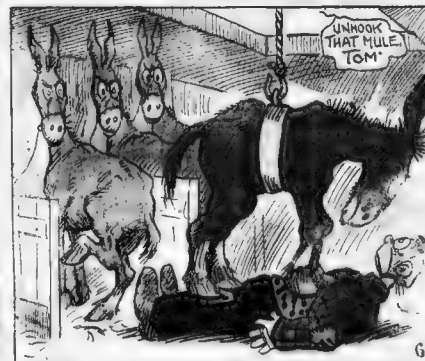
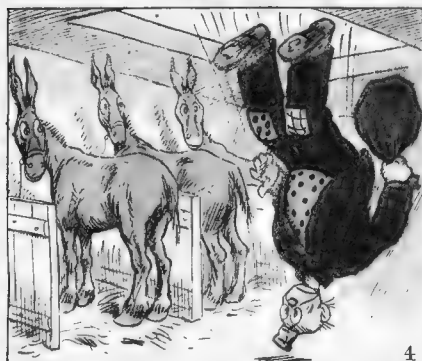
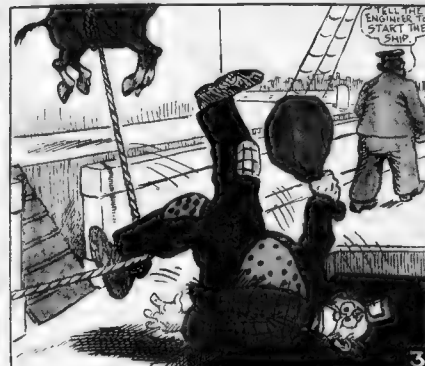


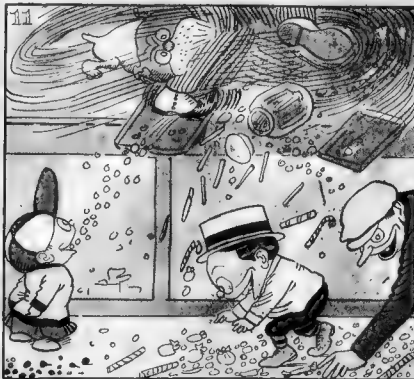


HAPPY HOOLIGAN

He Goes Forth to Make a Great Name for Himself--But Comes Back

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By-Products of Business Life

No. 1. Business of Watching a Parade

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By Willard Connely

These way stations are the by-product of Wink's busy life. At the noon hour Wink was crafting up the next day's agenda. For his own satisfaction and comfort it was important to sort in orders he intended to give be filled. That is, because if he didn't read that lunch counter in time they would be "out of his favored" list.

But a parade came along, so Wink stepped like everybody else, and perched on the curb.

Always pause for a parade, on account you may not live to see another.

[illegible]

And a bewful lil girl, with angelic eyes and several absent teeth,
 chanted these touching bars of a soprano obbligato:

It is a great satisfaction not to pass unopposed. But Wink was at all times aggressive, and he had a habit of getting what he wanted, which was very often what he should not have. Anyhow, he made five yards through the centre of this mob and reached daylight.

Wink focussed his attention on the head of the parade, which soon followed. It was the usual proud man on the brown horse which insisted on walking sideways, although the rider was making frantic efforts to keep the horse's nose pointed straight ahead. The antics of the animal were such as to justify anybody in calling it a quadruped, or sumptuous, without looking up at its meaning at all.

All this interfered with the plan, however, although the plaudits of the multitude were really for the horse.

The little girl on whose foot Wink had rested was now sitting aloft on Wink's forearm, and waving to every man in the precinct who carried a hornful of flowers. Wink drew the wound steady and true, except maybe a trifle on the hump.

Each fireman wears a top hat once a year. It's white and looks onto the sport collar of his shirt. He wears a paper, with a parade. A squad of such followed, and the parade led to the hotel.

"What kind of a doctor was the first of Wink?"

"He's a hash house lady," said Wink, and they lead to one side like a canary.

"A hash hound. He's part ev... thing."

As the blue-shirted game-eaters sailed by, back to polished badges rekindling blindingly in the sun, their faces nervously twitching in their virgin white gloves and anxious to burst into the open

ard yet again, the annual shine on their ~~faces~~ reflecting their annoyed countenances at the prospect of an eight mile hike, these same faces crying tears of heat, every man of them in step with it with their machine-like legs suggesting a loom in a cotton mill weaving cloth, their heavy hats tilted this way or that, according to the personal inspiration

Nine of the brave lads and the dog turned back to see who it was that knew them. And they all spoke, "It is I, I see who

Funny, nearly every one named Dan is a
A band leader by—umpla, umpla, umpla.
drum major with a two-foot for him.
As for

major himself, a banty rooster I adored, and a chicken of the same ilk. The bird was a stick with the big silver ball atop it he was as fast as a lightning bolt. I was a little pick, on the hottest day of the year.

Then five trombone players abreast came in, who always note into to raise their eyebrows in surprise as they played. The note into extension horn.

"Why do the tromboners always walk in front in a band," asked Ill Grl.

"So's they won't hit anybody when they show the slides way out of the deep notes," said Wink.

The hard gink he musta been a headcase, who had told Wink to "git back," here reminded that Richard's sister, the dumb "Junna the 2nd," had "git back on the other side of the fence" was the Russian.

Which ultimatum ends most of the strike, because neither better can produce.

"Nothin' to burn but money, and nobody wants to put that out," explained Wink, as he turned around and plowed through the crowd again. He missed his lunch and let his business hang over. But he did not seem to realize that he had given it his official approval.

he could put up a good line of comment.
All of which is perfectly natural.

BERT (at phone)—Yassa, Yassa, die am de Bunkem Court Apartments. Now, Miss Tillie, Missup is out. He's gone to the girls club. That's right. One about second in every minute will, she says' come to 'bout five in a minute, unless the girls around

Yassa, Yassa, you-still can't get Miss Tillie on Sunday. Every Sunday she goes to Nantasket wit her fiancé.

(Sings, "It's up to the Company, Girls, Means Rules Means")

that I'm coming in here. I will dance with you, but you shall get lost at the theatre. Now, don't forget, will you, Bert? I'm very important

BERT—No, ma'am Ah won't forget. But jos kindly tell me de number of yo' taxi.

A TENANT—Here, boy. Whassamatter, I can't get any service

BOY—Sign here. Here's a lemon tree for Miss Gladwies.
BERT—Ah, can't sign. Ah, she's not a kink in me hand.
BOY—I bet you never went to school.
BERT—Well, yes, I did. I remember, but ah didn't go in
BOY—I'm gonna use your phone a minute. Hello, Gimmie Rainbird's.
Hello, what's the lay on Yellow Fever this afternoon? Eight to five?
I'm down for the fly. Yep, fifty cents, that's what I say.
BERT—That's all right. I'll be back for it at call.
BOY—Nickel, nothing. Didn't I give you information?
BERT (in phone)—Hello? Who? Louis? No, you got it wrong.
Louis? Louis? I live in the City of New Orleans. Louis? Louis?
LOUIS LAITZ
LOUIS LAITZ—Now, Bert, I'm going out and if any one calls, just
tell him that from two to two thirty I'll be at the Ritz, and
from two thirty to three thirty at my hardware store, from three thirty
to four at the Ritz, and from four to five at the Ritz. I'll be at the
Ritz, and then from five thirty till six thirty at the Century Club. I'll be
at the Century Club.

EXPRESSMAN—Come on, Rasrus, what do we do wit the bear?
BERT—Miss Tinytoes say take him back. She say she doan' lebbe
let nobody hux her. Nebber! Not nobody! (Starts to drink from bottle
but phone buzzes)
BERT—Ah d.an' spee' ah ebber gonta quaff mah refreshments, u

less ah disables thissheer phone.
Hello! Yassum. You all wants sumpin' to eat? Well, no'm, no babydly—it's little late. Oh, yassum, Clincee, it coase. Well, ah takes a

awad righteener. All rightm. Two awads (in) hand (in) eggs. Two
clap, sueys yassum, cert'ny, de rice goes wif dat; dat's understood
fried noodles for two. And any kinda tea, -willy? Oh -oh, yassum
al, gotcha. Half a dozen bottles. Make em' cold? Cold dey is!

BOY—Hello, Bert. Whadda you know?
BERT—Why, dere's In Oswald. Say, Oswald, now you all takes d
awda roun' de cawna to one Lung's see? An' also—de also part am ver
impawtant—tell him to send in addition a large size awda of poke cho
on' fried potatoes. But it all on one check.

BERT—But, Oswald, when it comes to writin' out de check, an' de
gets puzzlin' 'bout de poke chop—don't specify, Oswald, don't specif
(Phone buzzes.)

BERT—Hello Nosa, she am out. I say she am out Who? I
Lamba? Oh, yassa. 'Sense me Ah didn't know yo' voice He: a y
pahw

It Always Happens When a Fellow Gets a Good Idea



LAST WEEK I thought I'D LIKE to go camper AND GET back to nature AND THAT other bunk THAT READS so well AND TALKS OF IT NOTHING but hard work AND DISCOMFORT. SO WE WENT EIGHT OF US IN CANOES UP THE RIVER TO MEDWAY. AND, SAY! FIRST IT rained AND WE got soaked AND THE salt dissolved RIGHT INTO the sugar AND THE ants tried TO CARRY off the bacon AND MOSQUITOES FEASTED ON US TILL WE all looked LIKE WE had scarlet fever. AND WE HAD vegetables, CABBAGE, POTATOES and ONIONS, AND LEFT them OUTSIDE our tent AND SOME crows OUT TO pasture ATE them all AND ONE of the boys

CHASED ALL the crows TO SMELL their breaths LOOKING FOR the cove THAT STOLE our onion. AND WE LET our beards grow AND OUR mustaches AND LOOKED like brigands BEFORE THE WEEK was over AND TOOK a napshot of ourselves TO HAND to posterity TO SHOW that we could raise MORE than Cain BUT WHEN we saw the prints WE ALL decided THAT IF we really looked AS BAD as that WE'D BETTER let POSTERITY DECIDE FOR itself AND WHEN we got home AND HAD SLEPT in a bed AGAIN WE ALL FELT FOR BACK TO NATURE FOR BACK TO NATURE ALTHOUGH YOU couldn't hire us TO MAKE that trip AGAIN

I THANK YOU

Our Bureau of Misinformation

SIR:—How much should I save for my vacation?—CARL. Not too much, Carl. We knew a misguided young man who started thus early to save, and by the next June he thought he had enough to get married on. Now he ain't never going to have no vacation.—Ed.

Misinformation Department—Won't you please tell me what this war is all over?—STEWART. Dear Steward—This war is all over Europe.—Ed.

Dear Question "Giver—Help! The wife is coming back from an all Summer vacation. What shall I do?—SHORTY. There is really nothing you can do, dear Shorty. If she's coming home, she is, and you cannot stop her. But why not wash up that alankful of dishes and throw away that barrel of bottles and clean the cigar burns off the table, piano, sideboard, chiffonier, dresser, light stand, mantel, music cabinet and window sills? Also burn those cards. Then practice smiling.—Ed.

Misinformation Editor, Sir:—We are forever hearing man brag about being "self-made." Why is it that women never brag about being self-made? There must be a lot of many. JANE STRONG. Just as many? Great Scott, Jane, there are more, many more. The reason we do not hear about them is decidedly simple. What woman will admit she is self-made? She wants us to believe Nature made her that way.—Ed.

Sir:—Who was Aphrodite?—CRIOES. She invented the celebrated but now obsolete no-price bathing suit.—Ed.

Misinformation Editor:—What do they generally slog at cabarets?—STRANGER. They don't, generally.—Ed.

What is the most celebrated short story?—BENEDICT. "I was detained of the office"—Ed.

Dear Misinformation Editor:—A man told me that if I would invest in the Y. M. C. A. Stock mine I would make more than eight hundred per cent. I put my money into it, but have made nothing and cannot even get the principal back. How do you explain it?—MARK. The man lied.—Ed.

Editor:—Who was Saint Vitus and what did he do?—O. G. He invented the fox trot.—Ed.

Sir:—What is a "Best Seller"?—LITERARY. You spelled it wrong. One that has the most wine in it.—Ed.

Dear Sir:—Why did Shakespeare write "All the world's a stage"? Because it was long before the days of the jitney bus.—Ed. —SCHOLAR.

Master Editor:—Say, when I grow up I'm going to be a pirate, so what's the use of going to school?—WILLIE JOANS. Dear Willie:—Since you have the laudable ambition of becoming a pirate, education is absolutely necessary, otherwise you wouldn't be able to figure how to cut down sailors, corner necessities and compute interest, graft, rakeoff and other fine points of the pirate business. Why not become an editor, if you hate to go to school?—Ed.

Misinformation Editor, City Life Department: Will you kindly tell me of a paradox?—JAY MUMFORD. There are several paradoxes, such as "Grand Opera and Music," "Water and Beverages," "Love and Matrimony." Is this any help?—Ed.

Question Department—Dear Editor, I am a bride and I want to learn how to cook. My husband says he likes his eggs fried on one side, and I don't like to admit my ignorance to him, so I am going to ask you to please tell me which is the proper side to fry them on?—BIRDIE.

My Dear Birdie:—This is a very serious and important question. It is a good thing you do not ask your husband this question. He might have refused to tell you. Always fry them on the bottom side.—Ed.

Editor Misinformation Column:—Sir—My husband is complaining that I do not give him sufficient variety of food. He says he has the same things all the time. Won't you please tell me of some dishes I can serve that will be different and surprise him?—MRS. McFEET. Glad to help you, Mrs. McFEET. Here are three dishes that are quite chic, kaffish, de trop and different—Maple syrup on shad roe, whipped cream on sauerkraut and dropped eggs on a slice of watermelon. If these do not surprise him—but they will, so don't worry.—Ed.

Sir:—I seen an ad in a paper the other day for a woman to play the part of Lady Godiva in a moving picture. What did Lady Godiva do?—IMOGENE. She rode bareback, Imogene. Go read about it.—Ed.

Just for Fun

First Intention.

NOTHING so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find after his arrival that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind recorded of an eminent surgeon. He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servants orders to go home with all haste imaginable and fetch a certain plaster.

The patient, turning a little pale, said: "Sir, I hope there is no danger?" "Indeed there is," answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow doesn't run like a racehorse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back."

A Comic Song.

DIVORCE, as well as marriage, has its little foibles. A society woman, who had just instituted proceedings for release from the double yoke, was discussing her case with a friend. "I don't think I know this lawyer who is going to represent you," observed the visitor, running over the name in her mind. "Oh, you must know him," returned the hostess, with animation. "Don't you remember the good-looking fellow who sang 'O Perfect Love' at my wedding?"

An Even Thing.

"A W. A. W.," said Senecacliff—"It must be—W—very unpleasant for you Americans to be—W—governed by people who you—W—wouldn't ask to dinner." "Oh, I don't know," said the American girl; "no more so than for you to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner."

CECIL LEAN, Scientific Farmer

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Line Press, Great Britain. Reprinted by permission. "The Blue Paradise," at the Casino, is a round comedian named Cecil Lean. We say round, because he hasn't lived up to his name. He says it's his farm that keeps him in good condition to act, and that after a thin pitch he has for two months or so he's ready to stand a hard season on Broadway and laugh at all of 'em.

The farm is in Illinois, for Cease is a Chicago lad and naturally he loves the cows and chickens of his native State. He's not a round, but don't let's say anything more about that. Home is where the heart sits, even if it be Hahokah.

After ducking our head, closing our ears and fearfully watching every step, we finally made our way into Cease's dressing-room, in a secret corner back stage. In crossing the stage to reach this coop we nearly pled a whole act, for we rushed across to front instead of in back of a screen drop-curtain, thus giving the audience a chance to see something which wasn't stipulated on their tickets of admission. And the stage manager bore down on us right, saying he'd fine us a month's wages. But when he saw we weren't an actor he suspended sentence.

Well, we told Cease we came to talk about crops, not shows. He asked would we care to have a little inside dope on peaches. Then we were sorry we hadn't stuck to the theatrical line, for the girls in "The Blue Paradise" are as fine a line of clergies as ever graced an orchard.

It seems that on Cease's ranch in Illinois—sometimes the word "ranch" sets as far East as Illinois—he specializes in peach trees. He has studied all the books on peaches, and learned all about how to give them good complexion, good figure and good market value. One of the most important things to remember is to learn how to disperse the parasites. Little peach bugs the size of a pinhead, cluster around the top of a young tree and make it very unhappy. The thing to do, then, is to have large armies of ants on duty in the orchard. After nightfall these ants form in companies and march up the peach trees—all the way to the top, for the fiercest bugs are there—and they attack them with fearful voraciousness, which means hunger. After the ants have worked all day carrying pieces of sand out of the ground he deserves a banquet, and the peach trees carry his favorite dish. Lean has his ant squadrons so well trained that his peach trees are completely healthy, and he laughs scornfully at other Delaware or Georgia whenever he crosses the State line.

Cease is also a nut on bees. He raises stinging bees. That is, they're stingless with him, but all others must have a care, for he makes them act as watch dogs as well as honeydew. He keeps them chained in soap boxes on the front lawn. The method of catching wild bees and taming them is very simple. Cease spots a swarm high on a tree, and climbs up to have a friendly chat with them. Before climbing he puts a box directly beneath where they are having their convention. Then he tells a funny story, which causes the limb of the tree to shake violently, and the bees fall into the box, which immediately becomes a hive. The big idea is to get the queen bee to land in the soap box; then all others follow. That's perfectly natural, isn't it?

The Lean farm is located near the scenes of Lincoln's row, a lark which he had as a youth—near where Abe split rails for six cents a week and figured out in charcoal during the night how he could double his money. Cease has a certain amount of rail-splitting on his farm to attend to also. He doesn't do it himself, because he doesn't want to be President, but he sees that it's arranged. For himself, he is more interested in side-splitting than rail-splitting. Whether on the stage or off he has a laugh that is famous from ear to ear.

Lately Cease has been considerably interested in raising owls. There is a good market for owls for stuffing purposes. Also county asylums like to have a few live owls around in cages to set a good example for the inmates. Hardly a country hotel in the country is without its stuffed owl and set for museums or zoos, they'll buy a good owl any time if he's wise enough for exhibition use. And Cease takes care that all his owls be intended to sell on the hoof as well educated.

So Cecil raises—no, he doesn't have him pronouncing that Cecil all this time; the accent is on the ending, hence, Cease—peaches, bees, rails, electric cows, owls, and Indians. What more can any farmer ask? Some comedian is Cease!

Isn't It Just Like a Man



Amusements

Amusements

Amusements.

Amusements

Amusements

Amusements

Amusement

Apprenticeship

IT'S A LONG, HARD, UP-HILL FIGHT TO SUCCESS —

CAN YOUTH MAKE IT, WITH SO MANY FORCES HOLDING HIM BACK?

See the Answer in

YOUTH, AMBITION, OPPORTUNITY, LOVE, WORK, and MORRIS GEST PRESENT

9 MONTHS IN NEW YORK

EXPERIENCE

BY GEORGE V. HOBART

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, F. RAY COMSTOCK, DEAN SEANDER, FASHION, EDUCATION, TRIVOL, MISSION

THE MOST WONDERFUL PLAY IN AMERICA

NOW PLAYING AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

Govonor Walsh Says: "Experience" is a Most Interesting Play. I'm Glad I Saw It. Everyone Should See It."

No Telephone Orders

NOTE THIS REMARKABLE SCALE OF PRICES

For Entire Orchestra	BARGAIN MAT.	\$1
Nights and Sat. Mat.	WED. BEST SEATS	
No Higher. Balcony	Balcony Seats 75c, 50c	
Seats \$1, 75c, 50c	2d Balcony, Res'y'd, 25c	

FAILURE, CRIME, DEGRADATION, WEALTH, PASSION, YOUTH, INFORMATION

PASSION VAINLY SEEKS TO LURE YOUTH FROM INTOXICATION

PARK SQUARE

DIRECTOR:
SILWYN & CO

THEATRE

FRED H. WRIGHT,
MANAGER

EVE'G 8:15 WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY 2:15

**FUNNY ENOUGH TO MAKE
A FISH LAUGH**

4th
WEEK



**SILWYN
&
CO.'S
LAUGH
FESTIVAL**

TWIN BEDS

By SALISBURY FIELD and MARGARET MAYO.

MR. ED. F. HARKINS adds:
"Mr. Mayo's fish is all satire and laughter. If you were Cotton Mather himself, you would chuckle and grin with glee."

Prices 25c to \$2.00

Wed. Mat. 25c to \$1.50

STRICTLY AND ALLEGIANCE ATTENTION GIVEN TO HALL ORDERS.

COLONIAL
TO-MORROW NIGHT AT
MATINEES WED. & SAT.
BRIEF ENGAGEMENT
**ZIEGFELD
FOLLIES**
GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW EVER PRODUCED

FRANKLIN PARK
WEEKLY MEETINGS
MON. & TUES. E.V.D.
BRENT HAYES,
The Radio King
THE THREE KRATONS,
Hoop Ringers
PATERSON—Dickie Harrison
Comedy Master Art
DUGAN AND RAYMOND
The Auto Kings
—AND—
MARGUERITE CLARK in
HELEN OF THE NORTH
Pathé Weekly—Who Pays?
—AND—
RAMSEY BRISTEN, Musical Artiste.
REMYN AND REYNOLDS
Comedy—Singing—Talking
—AND—
Give the Hummer Credit
Let's Go To
Japanese Equilibrator.
—AND—
SAM BERNARD in
POOR SCHMALTZ.
ALSO A TALK OF THE WEEK
TODAY IN THE PATHE CONCERT
TALKING PICTURE THEATRE

GAITY
Washington and Boylston Sts.
THE LEADING BURLESQUE THEATRE

DELITCH COOPER Presents
The Velvet of Burlesque
"The Roseland
Girls"
WITH
SOLLY WARD
AND
VIRGINIA WARE
AND
A WORLD OF GIRLS
TWO SHOWS DAILY AT 2:15 and 8:30
Seats Reserved by Phone No. 32

MODERN

PHOTO-PLAY THEATRE DELANDRE
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
Convening Tomorrow—A Sensational Engagement

WILLIAM FOX Presents
A Wonderful
Fiction of Crime Killdare, Remondes and
Tragic Hero, "City Manda Rose."

THE REGENERATION

With an Exceptional Cast Headed by
ROCKLIFFE FELLOWS and ANNA Q. NILSSON

TONIGHT! 7 TO 10:30 P. M. CONCERT NO REPEATS

SCOLLAY SQUARE OLYMPIA
Home of the Great Pine Organ.
Mon., Tues., Wed., Mutual Master Picture
"The Man from Oregon"
A Drama of Political Life
Thurs. Fri. Sat. Entire No.
"NEAL OF THE NAVY"
15 FEATURE ACTS AND 15
PHOTOPLAYS
Continuous @ 10 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.
SELECT CONCERT TONIGHT
ONE BIG SHOW. 7 TO 10:30 P.

BASEBALL
MONDAY, SEPT. 20
AT 3 O'CLOCK
RED SOX
—VS.—
DETROIT
FENWAY PARK

SCENES THAT BITE THE NERVES
FROM THE MOST REMARKABLE
PLAY EVER SHOWN IN BOSTON

THE SONG OF SONGS



*"No sparing of vicious words
or act. Admirably acted. Not for
the prudish or the over-sensitive."
—Transcript.*

LAST WEEK

TREMONT THEATRE
MATINEES WED. & SAT. at 2
Evenings at 8 Sharp

BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPT. 2,
"CORAN & HARRIS PRESENT THE ORIGINAL WITH ADRIENNE"
THE DRAMATIC SENSATION OF THE CENTURY

ON TRIAL

BOSTON

ALL SEATS 15 & 25c
10 A. M. to 10:30 P. M.
A. M. SEATS 10c
ALL SEATS 18c

COMPLETE GRAND OR PROGRAMME
EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY 2 Big Shows Each Week

CICIL BALDWIN HAS BRIGHT LANE MEMORANDUM
THE GREAT RUBY TUES. FRID.
THE CAT ON A HOT TAIL

FIVE ACTS OF THRILL AND SENSATION! SEE THE PILOT IN A BAL-
LOON! IS JIMMY, WHO WAS CAPTURED IN RUSSIA, THE ORIENTAL

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
THE ADORABLE ADVENTURE OF THE GREEN IN

THE SILENT VOICE MON. TUE.
WED. ONLY.

WITH MARGARET KNOLL. SIX SEPTUARS W/ OF HEAVY APPEAL!
NEAL OF THE NAVY LILLIAN HURD
WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, JR.
FORTH FIFTEEN BROWN BOWERS ON THEIRS, THE, THE, THE, THE

CAROLINE B. NICHOLS **THE FADETTES**
WILLIAM KNIGHT
THE FIRST OF THE BOSTON THEATRES DISTINCTIVE SEVENTH
YOU KNOW ME 10c
MON. TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY ONLY OF THIS WEEK

MARY PICKFORD
The Queen
of the
Picture World

AND AN ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT PICTURE WITH SEVEN PLAYERS
BIG LONG 25c. HOUSE CONCEPT SUNDAY NIGHT




There IS a Difference in Picture Theatres

THERE is good and bad in everything—pictures included. We invite you to stop in any afternoon or evening, and see the high class of the pictures we select for our patrons. The kind is different, is better, is of people. A picture film is slow and you can't see it, it's not show you as better a lot of pictures than you find here in the picture theatre.

Our features for this week:

Lou Tellegen in "The Explorer" and
 John Mason in "Jim the Penman"

MANY OTHER GOOD THINGS
PARK THEATRE
 WASHINGTON ST. AT ROYSTON

Paramount
Pictures



BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

The Season's Inaugural Grand Opera Event

WEEK
BEGIN
NING

TOMORROW NIGHT

Box Reservations: Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Special Price Evening
Special Price, Priced Matinees.

Eight Superb Productions of the Masterworks, by the

SANTACARLO

GRAND OPERA

COMPANY

Most Distinguished and Complete Opera Organization Now Touring.

TWENTY CELEBRATED LEADING ARTISTS

Complete Grand Opera Orchestras. Brilliant Chorus and Ballet. Superb Scenery and Costuming. Music Directors, Chorus: Fullerton; Gormann and the Giuseppe and the

REPUTED: NINA BROWNSTEIN, TOSCA AND VIOLET, MRS. MAR-
THA EVEL LUCIA, THOUSS, ANNA LEMMON, MRS. F.M. GARMAN,
and ALL THE TALLE OF GRAND MAN'S HOUSE, TRIO ALTO.

Prices: Eve's. 50c to \$2; Mat's. 25c to \$1

SEATS AT STEWART'S & O'BRIEN HOUSE BOX OFFICE

For Other Amusement Ads See Pages 6, 7 and 8

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.

Amusements.



GERALDINE FARRAR AS "CARMEN"

An Imperishable Record of Miss Farrar's Artistry

For a Limited Engagement of
12 Matinees and 12 Nights**TWICE
DAILY****PRICES
POPULAR**

PRICES FOR THE MATINEE

1000 balcony seats at 25c; 1200 balcony and orchestra seats at 50c,
and 369 orchestra seats at 75c. All seats reserved.

Boston First City in the United States

GERALDINE FARRAR

Selected
byFOR HER PHOTOPLAY DEBUT IN THE
JESSE L. LASKY FEATURE PLAY PRODUCTION

(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH MORRIS GEST)

(Released Through the Paramount Pictures Corporation)

CARMEN

DIRECTED BY CECIL DE MILLE

SYMPHONY HALL

ARRANGED AT THE SPECIAL REQUEST OF GERALDINE FARRAR

OPERATIC ORCHESTRA OF 50

Beginning FRIDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 1**TWICE
DAILY****PRICES
POPULAR**

PRICES FOR THE EVENING

1000 balcony seats at 25c; 800 balcony and orchestra seats at 50c;
400 orchestra seats at 75c; 206 orchestra seats at \$1, and 169 or-
chestra seats at \$1.50. All seats reserved.

Send mail orders for opening and subsequent performances now. Public sale of seats Monday, September 27th

CASTLE SQ. THEATRE

Phone
Ox. 5300

The Craig Players

In the Sprightly Farce

THE GIRL IN THE TAXI

Exceeding the Speed Limit of Laughter

MATINEE EVERY DAY 2:15 EVENINGS 8:30
BRANCH OFFICE, VORENBORG'S, 15 WINTER ST.

NEXT WEEK

George M. Cohan's Latest Success

"THE MIRACLE MAN"

TREMONT TEMPLE

TWICE
DAILY
2:15-8:15COMMENCING TWO WEEKS ONLY
TOMORROW FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

The Official Austria-Hungarian-German Pictures of

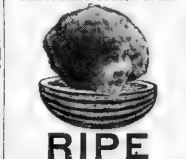
THE BATTLE OF PRZEMYSL

The Most Wonderful Collection of Actual War Pictures Ever Made
and Shown. Vivid, Real and True Records of the Bloodiest Cam-
paign of the World War.

POPULAR PRICES—50c,—35c,—25c

For Other Amusement Ads See Pages 5, 6 and 8.

HOWARD

THIS WEEK
Boston's Famous Burlesque Theatre**RIPE**The season is ripe for burlesque and
this week the Howard Theatre presents
"Ripe" a burlesque of the famous "The
Garden of Eden" story. It is a new and
original production, and is sure to be a
great success. It is a burlesque of the
famous "The Garden of Eden" story.
It is a new and original production, and
is sure to be a great success. It is a
burlesque of the famous "The Garden of
Eden" story.Blue Ribbon Belles
BurlesqueHere they are, here all ready for you
to see. They are the Blue Ribbon Belles,
the most famous burlesque troupe in
the world. They are here to give you
the most wonderful burlesque show
you have ever seen. It is a new and
original production, and is sure to be
a great success. It is a burlesque of
the famous "The Garden of Eden" story.

BELL COY TRIO

COOK AND STEVENS

Every Thurs. Night Wrestling

PERELLI

JIM RYAN

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT

CIRCUS AND AMATEURS

TOMORROW (SUNDAY)

Follow the BLUE FLAG

AURORA OF CHARLES

NO LUMBEGA

TONIGHT SACRED CONCERT

In the Big Open-Air Theatre

The Last of the Regular Season

TODAY

The Last of the Regular Season

A Wonderful Evening's Entertainment
At a Wonderfully Low Price

Grand Display of Fireworks And Band Concert.

At the NEW BRAVES FIELD

"THE HOME OF BIG THINGS"

THURSDAY EVENING NEXT

The Most Spectacular, Most Costly Exhibition of Fire-
works ever given in Boston.\$1,500 worth of the Newest and Best Pyrotechnics
furnished by the American Fireworks Sales Co.

A FEW OF THE FEATURES:

Tight wire bicycle rider of fire.

Uncle Sam, Walking 200 Feet.

Charlie Chaplin in Amusing Antics.

Startling Aerial and Ground Effects.

CONCLUDING WITH THE
FAMOUS MAGNESIUM BOMBS.Giving the Boston public an opportunity to see the type of bombs
used in the trenches by the armies of Europe.

POPULAR PRICES:

35, 25, 15c. All seats in Grandstand.

A Few Choice Box Seats at 50c. Seats on Sale at Filene's.

CONCERT AT 7:30. FIREWORKS AT 8:30.

BRYAN

ON

THE WAR AND

ITS LESSONS

TODAY

AT

BRAVES FIELD

"THE HOME OF BIG THINGS"

Grant is Head of Fifty Men World
Famous, that the world will
present as follows: Mr. Bryan's address.Mr. Bryan Will Begin His Hour's
Talk at 6:40 O'clock.

BAND CONCERT

Begins at 3 P.M.

Lates Open at 1:30

POPULAR PRICES.

35c 25c 15c

(All seats reserved and in the grandstand)

15c Box Seats at 50c.

Special seats on all lines.

Seating at 10 o'clock.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

"The Amusement Centre of Boston."

TWICE DAILY AT 2 AND 7:15. WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 20TH

9-Big Headline Attractions-9

Nearly All New to Boston Audiences

The Biggest Melodrama Ever Staged in Vaudeville

GRANVILLE & PIERPONT

THE YELLOW STREAK

A Play of Real Life in the East and Your Own Story

11—SPEAKING PARTS IN THE CAST—11

"Red" Burns of "Vice," contender for the featherweight
championship.

"Kiddie" Long of New York, the other contender.

"Mick" Morris, a light power and manager of "Vice."

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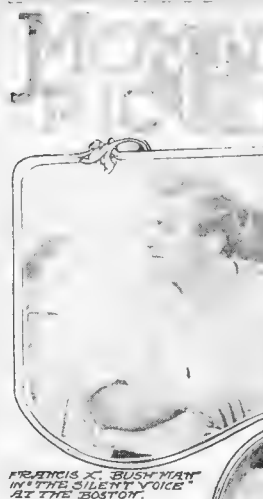
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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
IN THE SILENT VOICE
AT THE BOSTON.

Boston Theatre

Francis X. Bushman, the great star of the silent screen, will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre. The second, which will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre, will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre. The second, which will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre, will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre.

Park Theatre

At the Park Theatre this week two stars who have been popular on the regular stage will make their appeal on the screen. They are "The Great Guy" and "The Great Guy". The second, which will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre, will be the first of the two big shows of the week at the Boston Theatre.

Modern Theatre

Another big William Fox feature will lead the bill for the coming week at the Modern Theatre. "The Generation" with Rockwell Fawcett and Alma Wilson in the leading roles, is a photo-play with a wonderful moral and a great big punch. The story is a cross section of New York life with a appeal that is universal.

Tremont Temple

Beginning tomorrow afternoon, September 20, at 2:15 there will be a special performance for the first of only two weeks with daily matinees. The most beautiful and real of war pictures, "The Great Guy" with Rockwell Fawcett and Alma Wilson in the leading roles, is a photo-play with a wonderful moral and a great big punch.



SCENE FROM "THE PARTISAN PRINCESS" AT THE MARYKIN TEMPLE

DOUBLE TREAT AT HAND FOR BOSTON LOVERS OF OPERA

Interesting pictures, but they possess a great historical value difficult to measure.

Franklin Park Theatre

Once more the management of this popular neighborhood theatre offers special inducements for people to go to a theatre night at their back door by offering for their benefit one of the best vaudeville and picture programs ever arranged at this successful house. The vaudeville part of the entertainment will be made up of the following high-grade artists: First will be Bert Hayes, the king of

Cabaret Show for Columbus Nursery

Arrangements are being made for a cabaret show October 12 at the new Elks building, Cambridge, on Day after the Cambridge City, Day Nursery. Edward W. G. will have charge of the entertainment. The show will be made up of the following high-grade artists: First will be Bert Hayes, the king of

Amusement.

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MUSIC NOTES

The extraordinary success that Padernawski had in his Francoise last night with a new set of the proceeds of which were devoted to the relief of suffering in the city, has been a great success. The first of the regular series of Sunday afternoon concerts in the Boston Symphony Hall will be given Sunday, September 20, at 2:15.

Both these artists are sufficiently important in the opera world to give them a special mention. The first of the regular series of Sunday afternoon concerts in the Boston Symphony Hall will be given Sunday, September 20, at 2:15.

According to the announcement the season will consist of 24 subscription performances divided into series of twelve performances. The first of the regular series of Sunday afternoon concerts in the Boston Symphony Hall will be given Sunday, September 20, at 2:15.

Twice Daily at 2:15 and 8:10. Daily Mat. 25c to \$1.00. Even. and Sat. Mat. 25c to \$2.00.

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FOLLOW THE CROWDS WHICH ARE FOLLOWING

Twice Daily at 2:15 and 8:10. Daily Mat. 25c to \$1.00. Even. and Sat. Mat. 25c to \$2.00.

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\$2 PER MINUTE MISS FARRAR'S MOVIE SALARY

Prima Donna to Attend Premier
Production of Carmen Film
in Symphony Hall.

That the Hollywood actress, Miss Farrar, is perhaps the greatest of living American actresses, was proved by her performance in the motion picture version of "Carmen," which was shown for the first time in America at Symphony Hall, on Oct. 1, 1915. It is an announcement that Miss Farrar is coming to the city to give a series of four performances in the motion picture "Carmen" at the Boston Symphony Hall, on Oct. 1, 1915, and as they start work in the city, her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

Perhaps the scheme worked out this way in actual practice. No one really knows except Miss Farrar, Samuel Goldfish, executive head of the Lasky Picture Play Company, Cecil De Mille, director general under whose personal supervision the Farrar production was made, and Jesse L. Lasky.

But whatever the financial arrangement, it established a new record in the motion picture industry. It was the first time that a motion picture actress had received a salary of \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

While Miss Farrar was in Hollywood, she was the most popular actress in the city. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

Miss Farrar is not one to underestimate the importance of her first public appearance in motion pictures. She has declared that through the medium of the screen she is reaching an audience of untold thousands and hundreds of thousands. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

And Miss Farrar is an actress. Those who have been thrilled by her performance of "Carmen" in opera or her beauty on the screen to the corridors of the city. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

Elaborate musical arrangements have been made for the exhibition of "Carmen" in Symphony Hall. During her stay at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, Miss Farrar gave the Lasky studio a complete course in the art of acting. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

Sunday Concert at
B. F. Keith's Theatre

Crane Campbell, the leading man with Madame T. went to "The Pinks" and former soloist at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City, assisted by Josef Martin, will appear in the big Sunday concert arranged for B. F. Keith's Theatre.

Twice Daily at 2:15 and 8:10. Daily Mat. 25c to \$1.00. Even. and Sat. Mat. 25c to \$2.00.

Twice Daily at 2:15 and 8:10. Daily Mat. 25c to \$1.00. Even. and Sat. Mat. 25c to \$2.00.

Twice Daily at 2:15 and 8:10. Daily Mat. 25c to \$1.00. Even. and Sat. Mat. 25c to \$2.00.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SOLOISTS



He Liked Sugar
in His Consomme

Miss Nellie Francis, who has the prize of the city, is the most popular actress in the city. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

First there is Padernawski, the most popular of the city. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

Next there is Padernawski, the most popular of the city. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week. Her salary is \$2,000 a week.

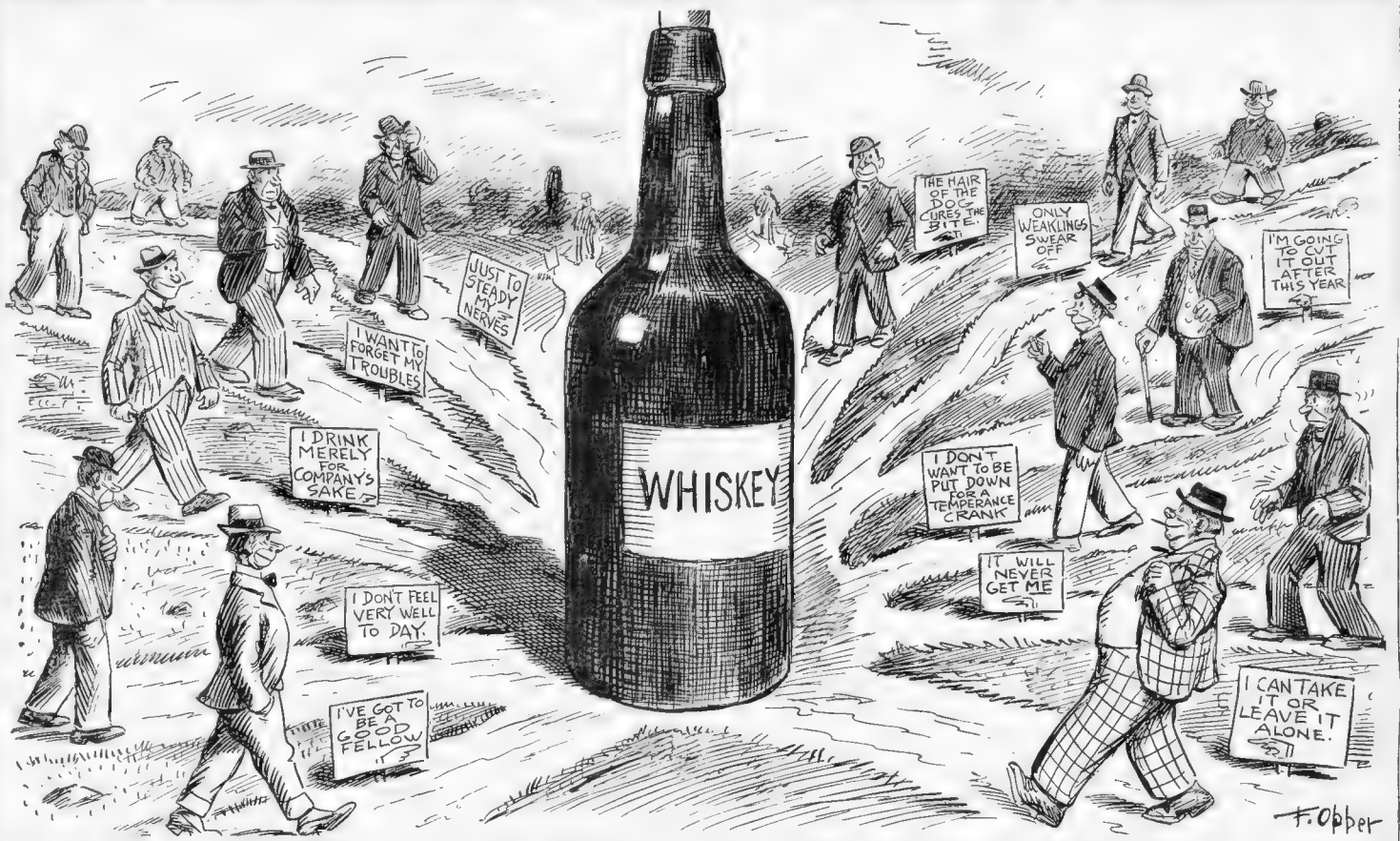
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PLENTY OF ROADS IF YOU WANT TO GO



Here Is an Illustrated Sermon for You. See That It Is Made Useful. Get It Into the Hands of Somebody Who NEEDS It. Whiskey Is Above All Things CUNNING, and the Cunning of Alcohol Is Shown in the Numerous Excuses with Which It Supplies Its Victims.

With Whiskey, as with Everything Else, the Road to Destruction Is DOWN Hill, and the Road Back to Safety Steep, Hard and Narrow.

Each of Us Knows at Least a Dozen Men on Every One of the Roads Ingeniously Labelled by Mr. Oppen in His Cartoon.

Remind the Man Who Travels Toward the Big Bottle That, WHATEVER His Road, He Will Land Badly in the End.

IN old days, before the birth of Christianity, it was said "All roads lead to Rome." Romans built roads in all directions for their conquering armies—wonderful roads of stone, on which you may still travel, high above the Mediterranean, between Nice and Monte Carlo, or faintly trace winding in out-of-the-way places in France, and even in England.

Wonderful and numerous were the great roads of the Romans, and they all led TO ROME!

Wonderful and deceitful are the roads built of timeworn, foolish excuses, and they all lead TO RUM.

We are glad to print this picture, because it has AN IDEA, and many a man at the right time has been saved from destruction by one idea.

Every one of us in his weakness and foolishness has some particular reason to give, some excuse for himself.

Every one of these excuses can be made A ROAD TO WHISKEY. And here you see a choice assortment of the most frequently travelled of all the roads in the United States.

There are a million men travelling on the road that is called "Just-to-Steady-My-Nerve." And there are more than a million, jaunty and cheerful now, destined to be very different LATER, who jog along the

road of "I've-Got-to-Be-a-Good-Fellow."

One man has a little road of his own labelled "Only - Weaklings - Swear-Off." He ought to call his road "I Haven't-the-Courage-of-My-Convictions," for that is its real name.

The middle-aged man tottering on the brink has for his excuse, "I can take it or leave it alone," and HE TAKES IT.

You see him a little later, on another road. His thumbs are not now in his buttonholes, for he walks with a cane. He has learned something, but not enough. HIS road is now labelled "I'm-Going-to-Cut-It-Out-After-This-Year."

The sign on his road is truthful. He IS going to cut it out—that is to say, WHISKEY IS GOING TO CUT HIM OUT. He won't drink any more after this year for a very good reason. It will be the turn of the worms next year.

Read all of the signs on all of these whiskey roads, for you know men travelling on every one of them. You might put a ring around the sign that your friend needs and mail him this picture. There is no harm and no insult in sending a friendly hint.

The real harm, the real CRIME is in encouraging a man to drink when you know that it hurts him or when you know that it WILL hurt him later.

What a cunning serpent, what an ingenious liar is whiskey!

It tells one man, "I will help you to forget your troubles," and it multiplies his troubles by a thousand and makes them unbearable.

It tells another man, "You've got something important to do; I will make your nerves steady." And it persuades him to take another dose of the poison that makes good nerves impossible.

A liar, a thief, a murderer, the

father of every crime, the destroyer of good intentions, the enemy of children, the despair of mothers, the problem of poor humanity, the poison and drug that should be classed with morphine and opium—SUCH IS WHISKEY.

Help in the fight against it; begin the fight in your own home.

Nine men out of ten if they saw a man drowning would jump in and bring him out.

Sinking slowly into whiskey, walking to destruction by any path is no worse fate than drowning in whiskey.

Yet men stand by and see younger men going deliberately to whiskey destruction—say nothing, but let them go.

Many even feel that it is "womanish" to talk against whiskey or to "preach" about drunkenness.

You ought to say to the young man who starts with whiskey exactly what you would say to him if

he were beginning to take opium or morphine.

The man on whom whiskey has its grip is more to be pitied than the drug victim.

For whiskey works slowly and painfully, tortures its victims for years. It is the least merciful of the deadly drugs.

It should be treated as a drug and a poison. Its sale should be regarded and punished as a crime except on the written order of a doctor—and we doubt the wisdom of even that exception, since Osler and other great doctors say that violent stimulants are ALWAYS harmful.

WHISKEY IS THE ENEMY.

Whiskey is the danger, the real cause of intemperance.

Prohibition, unfortunately, as it works in America, does not drive it out, but, on the contrary, increases its sale, since it makes it impossible to get the less dangerous drinks and gives whiskey the monopoly.

In Italy, where practically every man drinks light wine temperately and nobody drinks whiskey, there is less drunkenness than in the Prohibition State of Maine, which has not a tenth of Italy's population but which compels its inhabitants to drink whiskey, easily hidden, if they drink anything.

There are a thousand roads that lead to whiskey. The broad road of common sense leads away from it. Take that road.

Professor Ferrero Analyses the Conduct of the German Emperor Just Preceding the War From the Distance of More Than a Year of Strife.

From that moment and after that threat the events, up to that time in the balance, rushed on toward war, and this is easy to understand, so grave was the provocation contained in that threat.

The step taken by the German Ambassador at Petrograd the afternoon of the 29th was a clear and irreparable act that let loose the war on Europe. If the immediate responsibility of the war appears to the stated act, the men that commit the irreparable and decisive act, we must now ask ourselves why and how it happened. The German Government decided on that step the morning of the 29th. After the publication of the Russian Red Book there remains no doubt that the impetus came from Austria. The sending of the 24th Count Berchtold telegraphed to Berlin that Russia was arming on the Austrian frontier, and we asked the German Government to prevent upon Russia. In a

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

"ONE year has passed since I was compelled to call the people to arms; a bloody and unheard-of epoch has come for Europe and the world. Before God and history I swear that my conscience is clear necessary to satisfy Austria's desire, denying the tranquillising assurances made to the European powers a few hours after they were given! There was no risk whatsoever of apprehension necessary to understand that from the point where things were, after Russia had many times declared that she would mobilise her entire domestic production, that such a step was more than dangerous.

Passing over whatever political plans the

These accusations up to the present had not been made in official circles. The Emperor of Germany in the many speeches he made since the war has not even hinted at the possibility of such a thing. He has spoken with a solemn oath before God and history.

It is not a real oath enough to impose silence on the accused? What foundation have these accusations? What facts? To this question—one of the gravest that the terrible history of this war has put before us—Bismarck's answer depends, perhaps, the destiny of the Hohenzollerns—I shall try to reply as free as I can, and as honestly as I can, and I shall do so with the equity that is the duty of a historian, using the documents that make possible my answer.

Let us start with the member of the war.

In official circles, in the courts, in the press, in the universities and conferences, there are nothing but indications: however the individual is not named. The Emperor of Germany turns the German police; took from and from the war during, are several, and very grave, accusations. The Emperor is not named, and authoritative man who was in a position to know many things: Baron Beyens, who was the German ambassador in Berlin, is publishing a series of most important articles on the European war in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the last number of this review, Baron Beyens explicitly asserted that the step taken July 28, 1914, was a war was willed and ordered by the Emperor.

When the Kaiser Arrived at Berlin.

[illegible]

of Europe had to be preserved. The Emperor of Germany sent the Czar a friendly, trusting dispatch, on that night insisting conforming to those intentions. On the morning of the 29th the German Ambassadors at Paris and London assured the French and British Governments that they had no other (or the most conciliatory) intentions. The Czar seemed to be going well the evening of the 29th, and, just at a sudden, the news changed the attitude of the 29th. The afternoon of the 31st the Emperor of Germany sent the Czar a letter, of realizing the

"As the American Women Are More Nearly Super-Women Than Your Men Are Super-Men, Why Not Take the Vote Away from the Men and Give It to the Women?" Says Dr. Oscar Levy, the Foremost Exponent of the "Superman" Idea.

London, Sept. 1.

HAD an interview yesterday which took up most of the morning, most of the afternoon and extended into the evening, with Dr. Oscar Levy, of London, the greatest authority on the subject of the world's greatest psychologists. Dr. Levy was born on March 28, 1867, in the town of Stargard in Pommern, Prussia. His father was a banker. Dr. Levy graduated from the Gymnasium in Stargard, then studied medicine and psychology at the University of Berlin, where he was a member of the Albinus Corps. One of the fighting corps, which is accordance with German custom meets all challenges. Afterward Dr. Levy took post graduate courses at Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Paris. For the last twenty years Dr. Levy's home has been in London, where he is a member of the Royal Society of Medicine, of the Royal Society of Physicians and of the Royal College of Physicians.

Dr. Levy told me of a most strange and interesting custom; he said that for centuries it was the custom for rich Jewish families living in Poland, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy and France, to seek Talmudic scholars as husbands for some of their daughters. The wealth of the family was placed at their disposal, so that they could continue their studies, and in that way the love of learning and the longing for knowledge were kept alive in the race. Dr. Levy further said that, had it not been for this, the Jewish race would have ceased to exist as "no race purely commercial can live."

"But, Doctor" I asked, "do you mean that a psychologist can get to know as much about 'the people of the earth' from 'a study of their literature,' as those who travel in the countries and meet the people themselves?"

"Americans are the most optimistic of all the nations; properly directed, this spirit will accomplish wonders, but when the American comes to Europe he indulges himself mentally much as he does at home, and slurs over the rough places unless his personal comfort is disturbed. The American readily forgets White Chapel: it is so much pleasanter to remember the West End; he forgets the awful plagues of the large cities in Great Britain, the unspeakable degradation of the drunken, sodden, submerged tenth: it is so much pleasanter to remember the beautiful little towns where the tender arms of generations have gathered a velvet sward that cannot be equalled for years to come in the New World.

"It is sweeter to remember the charming and cultivated people that one meets, whose cultivation is not that of to-day or yesterday, but the outgrowth of generations of well-to-do and cultivated ancestors. It is interesting at this time, when a deputation from the leading ship-building firms has waited on the Chancellor of the British Exchequer and the Secretary for Scotland to urge that 'there should be a total prohibition during the period of the war of the sale of excisable liquors,' and when Lloyd George in his reply said, 'That nothing but root and branch measures would be of the slightest use in the case of the spirit-drinking class of the population,' to remember that the Scotchman, the Englishman, the Welshman, and the Irishman, who are the backbone of the Empire, are the people who have made the Empire what it is to-day."

and fighting Germany, Austria and Drink; "three deadly foes are Drink," to realize that the author has been drinking too much. The three, described in Sybil's preface to watchmen, is signed by him as May-Day, 1890, the conclusion of his book, at this time would do much to enlighten Americans whose mentality was amazed enough to consider painful subjects. His work for which he has not the authority of his own observation, or the authentic evidence of his Parliamentaries Committee. But while he hopes he has alligned nothing with it, he is so impressed much that is genuine.

"How can any even ordinarily keen observer be blind to the fact that the soul of the British nation is rotted away by drink, and that so



BY DR. OSCAR LEVY.

America has produced a high average man, as far as strength, quickness of thought and general well being are concerned; but mentally the United States has contributed little to the world along the lines of really great thought.

I am opposed on principle to a democratic form of government; I do not believe in the rule of the fit by the unfit.

It is a sad situation to contemplate, but as the American women are more nearly superwomen than your men are supermen, why not take the vote away from the women and give it to the men? They probably would not do worse than the men, and your form of government is only a happy-go-lucky experiment.

I then asked Dr. Levy, "What does Nietzsche mean to you?"

"Nietsche is the great teacher, not of the masses, but of the individual. He teaches that the first duty of the individual is to himself. By raising himself, he will then be in a better position to help others. He points the way to self-culture and self-development, not to the unthinking many, but to those who have the capacity for intellectual improvement. He is the teacher of the few, not of the masses."

"Nietzsche was absolutely hated in Germany while he was alive, and the hatred did diminish after his death. He advised Prussian aristocracy to marry Jewsess in order to quicken their mental processes."

"No captains of industry who walk over the corpses of their fellowmen and then found libraries and hospitals in order to ease their conscience would be considered supermen by Nietzsche. They might be considered super-

In answer to my question as to whether he believed that it was desirable that Nietzsche should be generally read, Dr. Levy replied:

"Nietzsche didn't NOT do it. He probably read too much of the Bible, and he was a fan of the idea of education, or with much more than the average mentality can, as a rule, profit by Nietzsche. There are many mentalities to whom his words can be applied. I think that the smaller variety they now possess, and they would gain nothing to replace them.

"In Japan the Samurai, who are still very powerful and whose traditions are most ar-

"For instance, when the report was sent out that the Kaiser had forbidden mourning to be worn by women in Germany, that was not a haphazard invention but was actually written by one who had long studied the art of warding off mourning as the normal expression of grief on the part of American women, but also realized fully that America is a woman's country. In a thousand and one ways the British showed that they could play the master's touch on American emotions and policies. It is nothing new, it has for many years been well understood that when Great Britain attacks, it is not only by her navy and her land forces, but by the news agencies and the press as well. Yes, as political psychologists there

"Recent admissions by Liberals regarding the neutrality of Belgium not being an absolute controlling factor in the war clearly indicate that they wish to counteract the growing feeling. 'Well, if we only went to war on account

"I can see nothing ahead of the Liberal party but a smashing defeat at the next general election. My sympathy has always been with the Tory party in Great Britain, not merely because it is the aristocratic party, but because it is really a Nietzschean party, although the masses and even many of its leaders are not intelligent enough to know it."

"Most decidedly yes. There are two, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. George Washington was an aristocrat, to his finger tips; he never craved the applause of the vulgar or the numerous. No personal ambition prompted him to bring about the freedom of his countrymen from British misrule. Not a man of mental warmth, he yet had the tender-

ness that springs from due consideration based upon knowledge of others.

Waashington and Lincoln Supermen.

"Abraham Lincoln, in spite of his humble

birth and his lack of advantages of ordinary education, was one of the world's greatest aristocrats, because he belonged to the highest aristocracy of all—the aristocracy of the mind. One of the masses, he had a mind that towered above theirs—as the ever snow-covered peaks of the Himalayas tower above the plains that lie around their base. Abraham Lincoln radiated to the greatest extent, the tenderness which leads to due consideration based upon an absolute knowledge of others. Lincoln was not merely a superman in America, he was a king in the mental aristocracy of the world.

"How about Theodore Roosevelt? Roosevelt could not be called a superman, unless it were of the *crude* type to which his desire for physical fitness was a strong as-

to partly obscure his mental vision, he was very skilful in finding out the average American thought and then announcing it as his opinion. In America such a policy would inevitably lead to success, but it carries with it a silent evaluation of the adoption of such a

"How about President Wilson? That is a question that I am not prepared as yet to definitely answer. There are questions that President Wilson has yet to deal with that will have great bearing on how it should be answered. President Wilson is not only a man of high intellectual attainments, but he is a man of remarkable mental power and force."

He is a bit of a philosopher and has great will power.

"The United States has been very fortunate in having had in all crises of its history the very man at the helm who was mentally best fitted to deal with that particular situation. The

time will come when there will be need of creating a mental aristocracy in America, whose aims and ideals will be far above those of the masses. There is and always should be a great amount of mental medicine in the world; this is necessary for civilization but this, and this is a hard reason."

I asked Dr. Levy why he lived in London, and he said: "Because, while the world over, thought is free and unshackled, in Great Britain the spoken or written expression of thought is ~~more~~ than in any other country."

"Infinitely. Were the United States at war there would be no room for a Bernhard Shaw within its boundaries.

"The present America has evolved the greatest area of middle-class mentality that the world has ever known, with all the virtues and all the smallness that are characteristic of a middle class mentality."

PUBLICITY · PROGRESS · PROSPERITY



FEW short years ago The Georgian received its introduction to Atlanta and the South as a member of the Hearst continental chain of newspapers and magazines.

It declared for progress for the South and immediately entered upon a campaign of publicity which *compelled* the attention and support of newspaper readers.

Because of its methods The Georgian has made greater progress than any newspaper in the South. *until it is today admittedly the leading newspaper south of Washington.*

In the few years that it has been a member of the Hearst family of publications it has become firmly intrenched in the hearts and homes of Dixie.

In the box we print the circulation figures of the daily Georgian, Hearst's Sunday American and the other two newspapers published in Atlanta. A glance at them will suffice to show the circulation supremacy of the Atlanta Georgian.

Just as Atlanta is the most progressive city south of Mason and Dixon's line, so is the Atlanta Georgian the most progressive newspaper, not only in Atlanta, but in the whole Southland.

Atlanta has become the most prosperous city in the South. In this The Georgian has had a large part.

The Georgian feels justly proud of the fact that it has done the State of Georgia good service. Its power and influence are increasing daily, which means that it will be of greater service in the future to Atlanta and the whole South than it has been in the past.

The circulation supremacy of The Georgian indicates beyond question that it occupies *first place* in the hearts of the newspaper readers of the South.

This could not be unless The Georgian had done things—big things. By making its pages

The Georgian was and is able to do this because it is a part of the Hearst system of newspapers and magazines, and is, therefore, in a position to print articles which very few even of the largest newspapers could afford to pay for, singly.

More than fifty per cent of the material The Georgian prints is written exclusively for the Hearst newspapers by Master Pens whose names are known from Maine to California; from Puget Sound to Key West.

For the same reason, its kinship to other Hearst publications, The Georgian has the opportunity, which it uses well, to draw the attention of the entire country to those things which vitally affect and interest the South.

The South is not the only gainer by this. It is good for the whole country. It tends to familiarize one section with another; to acquaint those who do not live in the South with what the South is doing; to tell Southerners what their brothers in the North are working out in *their* way.

So while The Georgian is mighty proud of its circulation supremacy, it is *only* proud because it is an indorsement of the aims and ambitions of The Georgian to be of use to Georgia, and by its Publicity to promote the Progress and Prosperity of the entire South.

These Figures Tell the Story

The Georgian 52,613

Hearst's Sunday American . . . 83,838

The Atlanta Journal (Evening) . . 45,230

The Atlanta Constitution (Morning) 36,614

The Georgian has in Atlanta alone 26,992

which is a lead

Over the Constitution of . . . 15,356

Over the Atlanta Journal of . . . 9,884

The number of copies of The Georgian delivered by carriers INTO HOMES 17,022

The number of copies of The Atlanta Journal delivered by carriers into homes 12,716

The rapid increase in the circulation of The Georgian shows the generous support the public has given to it.

more interesting and more progressive—therefore more useful to the public—it has outstripped its much older competitors.

THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN
THE LEADING NEWSPAPER OF THE SOUTHEAST AND S.W.

How to Have Health and Muscles Like Mine— By Jess Willard.

The Nineteenth of an Instructive
and Valuable Series of Remarkable
Athletic Lessons and Health Hints
for Men, Women, Boys and Girls,
Written for This Page by the
Physical Champion of the World



A Pose in the "Squat" Exercise That Willard Declares Should
Never Be Neglected. This, He Says, Is Particularly
Beneficial for Reducing the Hips.

By Jess Willard

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MANY men and women, but particularly men, possess a well developed body down to the hips, but from there on nature seems to have neglected them. On a pair of splendid legs they support big chests and broad shoulders. Bob Fitzsimmons was an illustration of this. That is how he earned his nickname of "Lanky Bob."

Of course a wall goes up from these "spindly shanks" and they want to know why, just like the bald-headed man who bewailed the fact that he could not shift his chin to the top of his head so that he could have hair where he wanted it.

I don't know why nature turned out certain human beings that way, and I don't know of any physical culture system that will fatten legs without fattening the rest of the body, but I do know that thin, wiry legs are oftentimes much more to be desired than thick ones. Big legs are not always a sign of great strength in the lower limbs. In fact, they sometimes denote the opposite. Most professional bicycle riders, with the exception of Frank Kramer, have very thin legs, but exercise has made them like steel and of tremendous power.

A good point in exercising the legs is that it is almost impossible to make them muscle bound, while, as I have told you, men exercising with the arms in one direction, like weight lifting, for instance, will make them worse than useless.

If you have thin legs devote three-quarters of your exercising time to them until you are sure that you have put them into the best possible physical shape. Exercising the leg muscles is sure to increase their size a little. In some cases they will develop a great deal, while in others the development will not be so noticeable.

For the benefit of girls and women I will mention the fact that all leg exercises are hip-reducing exercises also, and I know that no woman likes to have large hips. Leg exercises will bring big hips down to their proper proportions.

I show you another picture to-day of the "squat" exercise posed by Miss Irene Marcelline in the top left-hand corner of the page. You have seen this pose before, but I want to keep this exercise in your mind, for it is most important. Dip down like she has done twenty times a day with your hands on your hips, or take your hands off for ten dips and let them hang straight down. Keep this up and increase the dips every day until you are able to do it fifty times without tiring yourself. This will not only reduce the hips, but exercise and strengthen the toes, feet, calves, thighs and, in fact, the whole lower part of the body. Do not hold your breath while doing this exercise, but breathe regularly through the nose.

The other pictures on the page illustrate balancing exercises that tend to develop the legs only, although they are useful in exercising the abdominal muscles.

Picture No. 1 on the right-hand top of the page illustrates one whole exercise. It consists of first standing perfectly erect with feet close together. Then swing out one of your legs—



No. 3—Bringing the
Leg Back at the
End of the Swing-
ing Motion and Pre-
paring to Kick For-
ward with It, as
Shown in Pose No.
2.

balance, but after a while when you have become an expert at it you will find it a lot of fun, especially if you can get some friends to try it and see them stumble as you did when you first started.

The pretty girl in the lower right-hand corner is illustrating the same exercise that I am engaged in at the top of the page, showing the proper costume for a girl wearing at exercises like these so as to allow full freedom of limb movement.

I found in my mail the other day a circular from a professional physical culturist and a letter telling me he had sent me his book on which he would like to have my opinion. I have no doubt that he was looking for a testimonial that he could use in his advertising, and it is needless to say that he is not going to get

slide along the hand rail, for a slight slip may mean a bad fall. But if the elevator is running, use it. More persons are hurt going up and down stairs in one week than in all the elevator mishaps in a year.

Next week Willard devotes himself to the development of the shoulder and back muscles. This article will be illustrated by unusual photographs showing exercises entirely new and novel, and apart from anything of the kind you have ever seen before.

Letters from Willard Readers

CLAY G. COLLETTE—Don't be impatient. My article on dumbbells will appear very soon. Five-pound bells are far too heavy to exercise with. One-pound, or, at the most, two-pound bells should be used. You had better wait for the dumbbell article before you attempt to use any substitute for Indian clubs. In the meantime, practise my exercises for strengthening the arms. Have you tried "parlor wrestling" yet?

MISS ANNE CASEY, N. Y. City—Abnormally large ankles are sometimes a sign of kidney trouble, although I do not say that this is so in your case. My advice would be to first see your physician. If he finds that your complaint is not due to the cause I have mentioned, I would advise you to take up the leg exercises I have described in my articles. Particularly do I refer to the exercise that was illustrated with a picture of a girl with one foot on a piano stool. If you suffer from an accumulation of fat you will find that this ex-

cise will bring all parts of your lower limbs to their proper proportions. Do not indulge in this exercise too freely, as it is very hard and severe. Five times a day for the first two weeks is plenty. After that, gradually increase the movements until you reach ten a day, and continue at that number.

F. S. N. Y. City—Thank you very much. Yes, my articles will eventually appear in book form. An announcement to this effect will be published after my series is completed.



No. 1—An
Exercise
for Hips
and Thighs
That Is
Simple and
Easy to Do.



No. 2—The Start of the Leg-
Swinging Exercise, That Is
Further Illustrated by Pose
No. 3. This Is Wonderful for
the Abdominal Muscles.



In Practising These
Exercises Always
Wear a Costume Al-
lowing Perfect Free-
dom of Limb.

It I mention this because curiosity prompted me to glance through the book to see just how these people who make their living giving advice on body development illustrate their ideas. I also wanted to see if this man's ideas coincide with mine. In some cases they did and in others they did not. I quote a passage from the book in regard to leg development:

"One of the greatest exercises in the world for the development of the lower limbs in their entirety is running upstairs. The man who ascends the elevator and trots up two or three flights of stairs every day to his office finds himself always sound in wind and limb."

This is just about one of the most dangerous pieces of advice that could be handed out to an innocent and health-seeking public. Instead of reading the way this man has written it, the paragraph should be changed to read this way: "One of the most dangerous exercises in the world and one that is certain to bring on heart weakness is running upstairs. The man who ascends the elevator and trots up two or three flights of stairs every day to his office finds himself in daily expectation of an attack of apoplexy or heart disease."

So never run upstairs. Run downstairs if you like, or if you must, but let your hand

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